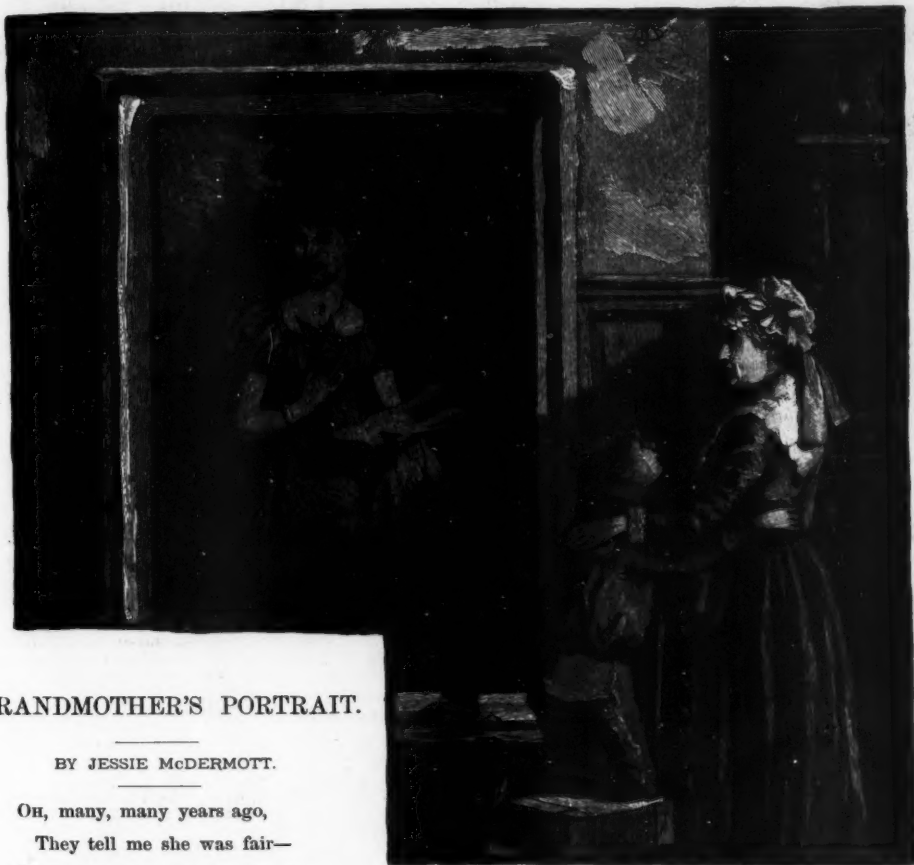


THE CONTINENT

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Whole No. 60



GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

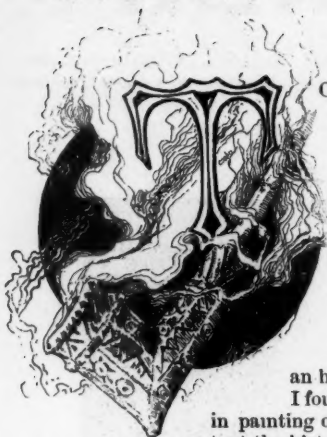
BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.

Oh, many, many years ago,
They tell me she was fair—
They say the yellow buttercups
Were jealous of her hair;
That all the peach-blooms blushed to see
The soft pink on her cheeks—
That blue-bells looking at her eyes
Would hang their heads for weeks.
But she—she only laughs and says,
“Ah, that was long ago!
My hair nothing need envy now
Except the drifted snow.
The peach-blooms and the blue-bells
Have long since smiled away

The silly fear they may have had
In some past summer day.”

And I—I think her lovelier
Than any flower that grows;
And when I look into her eyes
I fancy that she knows
Her sweet age is more beautiful
Than fairest youth could be,
Though when I tell her what I think,
She only laughs at me.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.



TOWARD the close of a beautiful day in the dreamy Indian summer of the Rocky Mountains, I strolled into the Ute encampment at White River Agency, Colorado, and, entering the lodge of one of the chief men, sat down for

an hour's rest and chat.

I found my host engaged in painting on the canvas of his tent the history of a recent skirmish with the Arapahoes, in which the Ute party had been victorious. On one side of the panoramic view a band of Indians were represented in the act of killing buffalo. To the right the successful hunters were depicted on their homeward journey with the trophies of the chase, while a band of Arapahoes loitered in the rear. Farther on the fight was pictured, and finally the scene showed the triumphant warriors approaching their village with the spoils of battle. Among ponies and saddles and captured weapons a number of tobacco-pipes, carved from a deep-red stone and artistically inlaid with white metal, were faithfully represented, and as the artist entertained me with a description of the scene, he filled one of these prized

souvenirs with tobacco as an evidence of his good will, and bade me join him in a smoke. He told me that the Utes had used such pipes for many generations; that they had first been brought from the East by other tribes, and that formerly the *calumet* had figured in all of their councils and treaties; but that since Washington (the Government) had confined the tribes to reservations, the peace-pipe had lost much of the importance attached to it, and that now it was valued only as a relic of past glories—was smoked merely as a means of gratifying the appetite or as a pledge of friendship between individuals.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. GABRIEL MIESSE, OHIO.



ANCIENT CLAY PIPES FROM VARIOUS LOCALITIES.

This incident occurred many years ago, but served to awaken in me a desire to learn more of the history of the pipe of peace. The results of subsequent investigations to which it led are partially set forth in these pages.

Far back in pre-historic times, long before the birth of Columbus, or the visits of the Norsemen to the shores of the Western World, the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley were familiar with the narcotic and medicinal properties of certain herbs, and, aside from the sensual gratification that smoking afforded them, the usage had become firmly ingrafted into their religious ceremonies. They were wont to solace themselves with the fumes of burning leaves, or to offer the precious incense as a propitiation to the Great Spirit. They expended an enormous amount of time and labor and exercised a surprising degree of skill in the production of curious receptacles for the smoking material, which have descended to us in their burial

and sacrificial mounds after the lapse of perhaps thousands of years. These relics, which are the oldest pipes known, were fashioned from the hardest stones, and were frequently carved to represent certain animals and birds. They were made in one piece, the bowl rising from the centre of a curved base or platform, one end of which answered the purpose of a handle, whilst the other formed the stem.

At a somewhat more recent period a branch of the same ancient people, farther to the southward, carved great clumsy "*idol-pipes*" in the semblance of the human form or head, or of monstrous birds and quadrupeds. Many of these manufactures, which were simply bowls with an orifice for the insertion of an additional stem, were of great weight, and must have been placed on the ground when in use, the smoke being conveyed to the smoker through a long reed, which was attached to the sculpture.

At the time of the Mexican conquest smoking was almost universal in North America. The Spanish discoverers were struck with astonishment by the singularity of the practice, and many quaint allusions were

made to it by the early historians. One of them wrote that the Floridian "*salvages*" possessed "a kinde of herbe dryed, which, with a cane and an earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbes put together, do sucke thorow the cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live foure or five

dayes without meate or drinke." This "*cornet of claië*," which was a common accessory to the accoutrements of every Indian, is described by another as "a little pan, hollowed at the one side, and within whose hole there is a long quill or pipe, out of which they suck up the smoak which is within the said pan, after they put fire to it with a coal that they lay upon it."

The legendary lore of the American Indians is rich in allusions to the *pipe of peace*. The Winnebagoes of the Northwest have a tradition which runs in this wise:

More than fifty generations (fifteen hundred years) ago, the Winnebagoes, or *men with sweet voices*, lived on the shores of a large lake into which numerous streams emptied their waters.

Here the great chief Ro-chun-ka (the upright), when asked by visiting braves from other tribes the number of his warriors and beautiful maidens, replied by likening them to the prints made by the feet of a pony in a day's ride among wild plum trees. One day a medicine-man of the Sioux tribe (from whom the Winnebagoes sprung many snows before) came to Ro-

CEREMONIAL PIPE
(MISSOURI).

chun-ka, and requested that the chiefs and warriors be called together, as he had received a message from *Wa-kon-ton-ka* (the Great Spirit) which he wished to communicate to them. The multitude was very great, and more than a hundred men were stationed the sound



ANCIENT BLACK STONE PIPE—NEW YORK (FROM A SKETCH BY REV. W. M. BEAUCHAMP).



THE OLDEST FORM OF PIPE—FROM A MOUND, IOWA
(DAVENPORT COLLECTION).

of a strong man's voice apart to carry to the assembly the words of the Great Spirit as they were spoken by the medicine man. He said: "Let the Sioux and Winnebagoes hereafter be friends. Let their blood mingle, not with the soil, but in the veins of brave offspring. The great Spirit, angry at the sight of bleaching bones in every cañon and on every plain, says let no more blood be shed."

Suddenly a warrior, taller than a great hemlock growing on hot sandy soil, appeared to the multitude, and, approaching Ro-chun-ka, announced a new pleasure for the "sweet-voiced" and their descendants: "When the hunter comes wearied from the chase; when the warrior returns from battle with the bleeding scalps of enemies at his side; when the lover leaves the tent of his sweetheart—let him enjoy this, the gift of the Great Spirit to those who obey him." From its covering of plucked mink skin he unwrapped a *pipe*, fashioned from the shinbone of an elk, into which bands of yellow metal (gold) and bright stones were sunken and blended into



HARD BLACK STONE PIPE (WAYNE CO., NEW YORK).



BLACK SLATE PIPE—(NEW YORK).

beautiful figures. Filling the pipe (*che-no-pa*) with red willow bark (*sha-sha*), he breathed into the bowl and an odor, as of many flowers, filled the nostrils of the great assembly; the pipe was passed to Ro-chun-ka, who, finding a new-born pleasure in the fragrant perfume, greater than any before known to him, perceived at once that the gift must be divine, and a treaty of peace was straightway sealed, by the inviolable pledge of the pipe, between the two great nations.

According to another wide-spread superstition, Gitche-Manito, the Mighty, ages ago, assembled all of the hostile tribes together at the Great Red Pipestone Quarry in Minnesota. Breaking off a fragment of the beautiful wine-colored stone, he fashioned it into a pipe which he smoked in their presence, telling them that the rock was

part of their flesh, and that henceforth the locality was to be neutral ground, where all nations should meet in peace to provide themselves with material for their calumets. As the smoke of the sacred pipe rolled upward and concealed him from the view of the multitude, the Great Spirit disappeared in the clouds.

For many centuries the Indian tribes of the Northwest have fashioned their pipes from the red catlinite taken from this celebrated spot, which has been made still more famous by the lamented poet, Longfellow, in his "Song of Hiawatha." From the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean the red rock still forms an important item in aboriginal traffic, and annual visits are paid to the quarry by the neighboring tribes for a stock of material sufficient to supply their needs during the coming year.

As a rule, each Indian makes his own pipes, but there are certain artists who excel in pipe-sculpture. Philip Western, a Flandreau Sioux, is acknowledged to be the best among the Indians of the present day. His carvings, often beautifully inlaid with metal, are known far and near, and few are the visitors at the Pipestone Quarry who fail to carry away with them curious examples of his handiwork.

A quarter of a mile east of the quarry the Pipestone Creek falls gracefully over the rocks, and forms an additional attraction to this romantic spot, made hallowed by the legends of many generations.



PRE-HISTORIC STONE IDOL PIPE (OHIO).



DEER ANTLER PIPE, LAST-CENTURY (FROM SKETCH BY REV. W. M. BEAUCHAMP), NEW YORK.

The natives of the Isthmus of Darien seem to have been the inventors of the cigar. In 1681 Dr. Lionel Wafer found them using rolls of tobacco as thick as the

signs representing an infinity of grotesque and monstrous creatures.

A century or so ago native American pipes had lost most of their tribal characteristics, and were made of every available material and in a countless variety of forms, to suit the fancy of the individual smoker. It is a singular fact that earthenware pipes were not made by the American aborigines until a comparatively recent period. Amongst other tribes, the Seneca, Mohawk and Onondaga Indians of New York usually moulded their pipes in clay at the time of the discovery of America, as did also the Lenni-Lenapes of the Delaware Valley.

Occasionally the archæologist is delighted by the discovery of examples of remarkably curious or elaborate workmanship. A specimen from New York State, belonging to the last century and now owned by Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, is made from a portion of a deer's antler, with a wooden stem held in place by a buckskin thong. A large trumpet-shaped stone pipe, found in the vicinity of Santa Fé, New Mexico, and at present in the collection of Mr. William S. Beebe, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (page 419), is believed to be amongst the finest American pipes extant. The bowl is carved to represent an eagle's head, on the back and sides of which lilliputian figures of men appear in relief, whilst along the stem four rattlesnakes are stretched in life-like attitudes.

The Chippewa Indians, in the Lake Superior region,



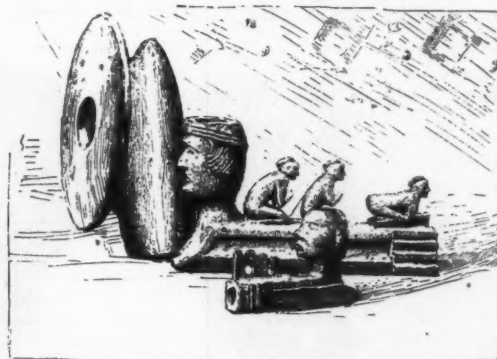
MOUND PIPES (FROM THE DAVENPORT ACADEMY OF SCIENCES).

wrist and two or three feet long. "When assembled together, and they want to smoke," he writes in his journal, "a boy lights one end of this roll, wetting the tobacco above its lighted end so that it will not burn too fast. He then takes the end of this roll in his mouth, and blows the smoke in the nose of each one in the assembly, even when two or three hundred in number. The Indians, sitting on benches, as is their wont, hold their hands around their noses like a tube to receive the perfume." Truly a method of enjoying the "weed" which might be adopted to advantage by their civilized brethren on the score of economy and sociability.

The ancient inhabitants of the Pacific Coast smoked through straight tubular pipes of serpentine, in the smaller ends of which were inserted the wing-bones of birds, which served as mouthpieces. These pipes varied in length from two to twelve inches, and were doubtless used in the intervals of labor, when the owners reclined at ease or lay in a prostrate position.

On Vancouver's Island and the Northwest Coast the natives still use a soft, fine-grained black slate for their pipes, which are most elaborately carved in imitation of men, animals, reptiles and intricate de-

cut characteristic pipes from a dark-colored pipe-stone which they find in the neighborhood. An old Indian who is known by the name of *Pwahguneka*, is said to be one of the most noted artisans in that section, and



DISC PIPE, CHIPPEWA SCULPTURE AND OLD CATLINITE CARVING (WESTERN STATES).



PRE-HISTORIC STONE IDOL PIPE (COLLECTION OF DR. GABRIEL MIESSE, OHIO).

his productions are generally conventionalized by the introduction of a row of miniature men or animals carved on the upper surface of the stem-socket or platform. An example of recent Chippewa pipe sculpture has been introduced in the group of old Indian stone-pipes, here figured, which will give a general idea of the majority of examples produced by this tribe. In this specimen the artist has evidently intended to convey the idea of a boat—two figures being represented in the attitude of rowing, whilst a third is steering at the helm. The bowl of the pipe represents the head of a Caucasian with short hair and stubby mustache. Indian pipe-makers have recently displayed much ingenuity in copying objects of European introduction, such as steel tomahawks and spear-points, "stove-pipe" hats, horses' heads and the like; and an extraordinary example found in Missouri, which may be seen in the illustration to which allusion has just been made, is fashioned in the shape of an inverted glass bottle-stopper, ornamented with etchings of hearts and crosses. A fine example of a Missouri pipe is shown with the initial letter beginning this paper.

In some form or other, tobacco was universally used by the tribes of North America previous to the fifteenth century. The Indians of Hispaniola inhaled the smoke

of burning leaves through a forked tube, the ends of which they inserted in their nostrils. Montezuma regaled himself, after his epicurean dinner, with a pipe of tobacco perfumed with the dried leaves, or dried and powdered juice of the liquidambar or sweet-gum tree, and in some portions of the country the inhabitants enjoyed the "weed" in the form of snuff. The peace pipe, however, with its highly decorated stem, was peculiarly



ANTIQUE BLACK STONE BOTTLE-STOPPER PIPE, MISSOURI.



PRE-HISTORIC MOUND PIPE (DAVENPORT ACADEMY OF SCIENCES).

an institution of the nomads of the Northwest. It was invested with sacred attributes, and figured in all the mysteries of the medicine-man's art; no treaty could be sealed without it; it was the aboriginal flag of truce, an inviolable pledge of honor and immunity from attack. In the words of the artist-traveler Catlin, who spent much time with the wild tribes, "the pipe is the Indian's constant companion through life. He pledges his friends through its stem and its bowl, and when its care-drowning fumes cease to flow it takes a place with him in his solitary grave with his tomahawk and war-club, companions to his long-fancied 'wild and beautiful hunting-grounds.'"

EDWIN A. BARBER.



ANCIENT BAKED CLAY PIPE (PENNSYLVANIA)—SIDE, BACK AND FRONT (COLLECTION OF J. M. M. GERNERD, MUNCY, PA.).

BESIDE THE ANTE.

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

EVERY one at Falaise knows the story of the mother of William the Conqueror by heart. They trouble themselves very little about the results of modern investigation in regard to the real facts in the case, these good folk of Falaise. They see no reason for doubting any part of the story they have always known. They will show you with pride the beautiful old Church of Saint Gervais, and its not distant neighbor in the Grande Place, La Sainte Trinité; but they will bid you look longest at the great bronze statue of the Conqueror in the centre of the Grand Place. And it is well worth looking at. The Norman hero is mounted on a spirited horse, represented as plunging impetuously forward, and the king, in suit of mail, and with visor up and grasping a lifted lance and pennon in his hand, is turning, as if to beckon on an army to victory.

"It is most wonderful," the folk of Falaise will say to you, as you and they gaze at the warrior figure of whose history they are so proud.

But they have more to show you than this; for then they will take you on up the hill and through the arched gateway of the castle. On the ramparts is a quiet, grassy walk, well shaded by trees; and there is a school up here above the town, and an old twelfth-century chapel. But you have not been brought to look at these. You go, instead, into the castle-keep, and there you will be shown a double-arched window with a stone pillar in the centre, and looking out of this you will gaze into a deep, narrow valley very far below, through which winds the River Ante, its surface visible only here and there among the trees. On the other side frowns a steep range of hills, the steepest of all being known as Mont Mirat.

"From this window," says your companion, "Count Robert first saw Arlette;" and then you are told how the youth of eighteen, looking down into the valley of the Ante, saw the women and girls washing clothes in the stream, just as you see them doing now, eight centuries later, and among them saw the beautiful Arlette, the tanner's daughter, and seeing, fell in love. You look down at the women below. You can just catch the sound of their voices, but you cannot distinguish one from the other. If the story you have heard is true, love, in Robert's case at least, was not blind, but most extraordinarily sharp-sighted. Be that as it may, he afterward made her Duchess of Normandy, and you are shown a little cell in the castle where their son, the Conqueror, was born, unless the historians are right who say that William was not born in this castle at all. Afterward you will be taken to the top of Talbot's tower, a hundred feet higher, from which a most magnificent view can be had; but since this tower, built by the English King Henry the Fifth, can in no way be associated with William, it has but little interest for your Falaise companion.

Another day you go to the washing-place beside the Ante, and watch the women and girls chattering and laughing at their work, and you think of the young Robert catching sight of his beautiful Arlette in just such another group of workers eight centuries before. Here the river runs through a sluiceway, made for the use of the washers, and here are great square tanks heaped high with soaking garments, the whole protected

from the weather by sheds. Each one pays three sous a day for the privilege of washing here, but must furnish her own soap and *carrosse* for beating the clothes, so one of the white-capped women will perhaps inform you. Beyond are open-air tanks, where those who have no three sous to spare may wash for nothing. You wonder if there is an Arlette among any of these women. They are not very beautiful, you think. But as you stand at the arched entrance of the washing-place you do not see all the women, and, even if you could, you would not know which was named Arlette, if there were one of that name there. Yet there is an Arlette there, and if you had been told of it, I think it would not have been difficult to discover her. Arlette must be beautiful to bear out her right to the name, you imagine; and you, within the archway, are not much impressed with the faces you see. But this modern Arlette is among the poorer women beside the Ante, and too far off for you to see her. There has always been an Arlette among the women at the river, for it is a favorite name at Falaise, and sometimes there have been several; but at present there is but one—Arlette Lechasseur, the daughter of a shoemaker in the Faubourg St. Laurent. Well she knows the story of Arlette, the tanner's daughter, and very proud she is of her name. We have only tradition to assure us that the first Arlette was beautiful, but it needs no second glance to convince us that Arlette Lechasseur is so. If only there were another Count Robert to see. But she has too much sense to expect a count or any other noble personage to come and make love to her there beside the Ante, even if she is pretty.

"Where is thy Count Robert, Arlette?" the other women sometimes say to her at the tanks, but her only response is a good-natured laugh.

Yet she has dreams of her own, nevertheless. Not exalted ones, to be sure, but they sweeten existence to her. Last year, at the fair in the Faubourg of Guibray, she met some one that, perhaps—Alas, poor Arlette never gets beyond the "perhaps" in her thoughts! The thrifty Norman does not often marry a girl who can bring him nothing, and the Lechasseurs are very poor. So Arlette's musings do not stray beyond a "perhaps," as I said before; but people learn to be content with a very little, and it is pleasant to have one's dreams.

From her washing-place she looks up at the great cliff on which the castle stands. Except for a few patches of furze and heather, the gray rock is almost bare, and which is cliff and which is castle wall is hard to tell, for the wall is at the edge of the cliff, and seems as if it might be a part of it, so worn and gray is its surface. And, high above all, the Talbot tower appears almost to touch the sky. Arlette has often been to the very top, but she does not like looking down into the valley so well as gazing up at the castle-crowned cliff. From where she is plying her *carrosse* she can see Count Robert's window and the vine sprays hanging down from the opening. Then she thinks of the tanner's daughter and Count Robert. Now and then she can see some one leaning from the window and looking down into the valley, as that handsome stripling may have leaned and looked eight centuries before. But she does not imagine that any one can distinguish her from

the other women beside the Ante. She knows very well that the distance is too great for that now. Perhaps eyesight was better in Count Robert's time she thinks. But the day comes when some one looking down from Count Robert's window does see her. It is a young American, finishing a year of travel in Europe by a walking tour through Normandy, burdened only by knapsack and field-glass. Some one at Caen has told him that he must surely visit Falaise, and so he has come to the castle, and now, looking through his glass, at one object after another, his gaze has at last rested on Arlette at her washing-tank beside the Ante. The glass is a powerful one, so that he can see her very distinctly as she beats the soaped linen with her *carrosse*, and afterwards rinses the garments in the clear running water; and he watches her a long time. At last, however, he puts down the glass, and, after giving his guide a fee, he comes down from the castle alone.

But it is no youth of eighteen who sees this modern Arlette, but a man at least eight years older, who has looked upon many beautiful faces before this. Why should this one attract him especially? But it does interest him, and he means to see more of it, as Count Robert likewise resolved long before. But the American is quite as handsome as any mediæval count can possibly have been, though, as his figure is rather under the middle size, Count Robert was probably the taller of the two, on the generally accepted principle that mediæval heroes were men of commanding height. But the clear olive complexion, dark hair and eyes and delicate mustache, sweeping upward at the ends in long curves, Count Robert probably did not boast. More than one woman had looked at this young American with admiring eyes, and he knew very well that he was handsome—perhaps had at one time been a little vain of the fact—but now, at twenty-six, he merely accepts it as a piece of good fortune. Any one looking at the firm curves of the mouth would see evidences of abundant strength of purpose. Whether it would be exercised with any higher aims than obtaining his own way was the question. He had always had it without much trouble, and he was not more selfish than most men.

As he goes down the hill his mind is full of this pretty face he has just seen. And why not? He is taking life easily this summer. When he returns to America his work awaits him, into which he means to plunge in sober earnest; but at present he is enjoying life, and has plenty of room for vagrant fancies in his mind. But it is a long distance down the hill to the washing-sheds beside the Ante, and he is not familiar enough with the town to find the nearest way; so that, by the time he reaches the arched entrance, many of the women have gone, and among them Arlette. Those who remain glance shyly at him, but he sees only that Arlette is not there, and he goes to his rooms at the Hôtel de Normandie vexed at the disappointment. He meant to have gone back to Caen the next day, but now he decides to remain in Falaise another day in the hope of getting a nearer view of the pretty face he has seen from the castle window. And chance is favorable to him that very day, for, strolling just at sunset through the Faubourg St. Laurent, he sees Arlette standing at her father's door. The young fellow, mentally noting the nature of her father's business, for Guy Lechasseur can be seen through the entrance busy at his work, takes his resolution at once, and, approaching the doorway, lifts his hat courteously to Arlette.

"He is very handsome," thinks Arlette. "There is no one like him in Falaise."

"Good evening, my pretty one," says the stranger. "Can I see M. Lechasseur, the *cordonnier*?"

Hearing the sound of his name, old Guy comes forward, and the American explains that he would like to be measured for a pair of easy walking-shoes.

"They must be very easy and comfortable," he says, "for I walk a great deal."

"But yes, Monsieur," responds the father of Arlette, "I know what you would have. Come in, and it shall be done at once. Arlette, my child, thou wilt have the goodness to measure Monsieur's foot immediately."

The honest shoemaker is a little excited at this sudden order from a foreigner, and speaks hurriedly.

"Arlette, my daughter, is more precise than I can be with the measurements," he explains to his visitor. "Her eyes are much younger than mine, thou must know."

The other smiles at this. He is very well suited with this arrangement, and so Arlette, blushing a little—for it is a new experience for her to have dark eyes bent on her so earnestly as now—does as her father desires.

"Remember, I am very particular," says the young man when she has nearly completed her task. "I should not like to be badly fitted. Will it not be best to repeat the measure so as to be sure?"

"But yes, Monsieur," responds Guy, "it is best to be sure."

It is very pleasant, this unlooked-for little incident, and the young man determines to enjoy it. Arlette, kneeling before him the better to do what she is about, ventures one shy glance at his face, but finding him looking tenderly at her, bends down her head. Yet on no pretext can he prolong the situation further, but after Arlette is through he remains to talk with the girl and her father.

"Falaise is very beautiful," he says to Arlette, after Guy has returned to his work, and the girl, at her father's request, goes with him a few steps to point out a nearer way to the Hôtel de Normandie than the route by which he came.

"Does Monsieur really think so?" is her response. "I am very glad, for Monsieur must know that I love Falaise."

"Yes, it is very beautiful," he repeats; "but I know what is much more beautiful still," he adds; and there is no mistaking his meaning, even if the little pressure he gives her hand had been omitted.

"Monsieur must not say such things," she says slowly after a pause.

"But I shall say such things, because they are true, my pretty one. Look at me, Arlette."

They are in a narrow lane by this time, where there is no one but themselves.

"Look at me, Arlette," he says again.

She does look at him with her sweet, wondering face. In the gathering twilight he can yet see the soft curves of her lips and cheeks. He cannot help it that he puts his arm about her; and it is all so new, so strange to her, that she does not resist him.

"Does Arlette know that she is very beautiful?" he says gently, and then he draws her closer to him.

"I must go back now," she says simply, and so he releases her. "Monsieur will find the way now, doubtless, if he will remember to take the next turn to the right," she continues when he has taken away his arm.

"Yes," he replies, "it will be very easy, and now this is for showing me the way," and he puts a silver coin in her hand, and then, moved by a sudden impulse, kisses her once, twice, and turns away.

She is not angry with him when she is once more

alone. Something new and sweet has come into her life, and it has all been so sudden that she is bewildered for a little. But she does not try to analyze her feelings. She knows only that this foreigner, who looks so handsome and speaks so tenderly, has told her that she is beautiful, and has kissed her. And that is quite enough for Arlette now. She wonders, as she goes homeward, if Count Robert could have looked like this stranger. She thinks of him all that night, and on the morrow, as she stands at her washing-tank beside the Ante, she is thinking of him still. Foolish little Arlette! But what should one do when one is but eighteen, and has been kissed by the handsomest man one has ever seen? Surely one need not be very angry or try to forget.

The morning is half gone when she sees him entering the archway to the washing-sheds, but he does not see her. She hears his voice in good-humored passing chat with the women there. What if he should not see her! At last he comes out from the sheds toward the free tanks. Surely he must see her now. But he stops for a word with Babette and Susette, with Dorothée and with Gertrude before he comes to her.

"Ah, my pretty one," he says carelessly, as if this were the first time he has seen her; but a look in his face tells her that he remembers, and she understands now why he spoke to all the women on the way.

He has a sketch-book with him, and now, as he leans against a post near her, he takes a pencil and sketches rapidly. Now and then he says a word to her, and the women near by look at him in the pauses of their work with shy, admiring glances. At last he holds up a paper.

"Would you like to see, my good friends?" he says to the women; and then Babette, Susette, Dorothée and Gertrude crowd about him and examine his drawing with voluble exclamations of delight.

"There thou art, Dorothée, to the life," says one.

"And there is Susette," says another; "and Monsieur has drawn me, too," she adds in great glee.

"Would you like to show this to your friends under the shed?" suggests the artist; and this appearing to be exactly what they do wish, off go the four girls, not observing that Arlette does not accompany them.

"See here, Arlette," says the American when they are alone. He holds up another paper on which he has sketched Arlette just as she looked when he saw her at her father's door.

"Am I like that?" she says timidly, and blushing a little.

"Only a thousand times prettier," he says impulsively; and then, while no one is observing them, he showers a dozen kisses on her face and neck.

And what should Arlette do?

Soon the women come back with the drawing.

"They say," says Dorothée, nodding her head in the direction of the sheds, "that Monsieur must make a picture of them."

"Very well," says the young man; and he goes back to the sheds.

He is gone some time, but at last Arlette hears murmurs of delight from the sheds, and she knows that the drawing is finished. Soon afterward he returns.

"Bon jour," he says to Susette and the others. "*Bon jour, ma petite*," he says to Arlette in a low tone, as he takes up his cane, which had been left on the ground beside her. "Arlette will see me again;" and then he goes on his way beside the Ante.

"Bon jour, Monsieur," scream the women after him, when he is almost out of sight; and at this he turns and waves his hat. They will talk about the handsome foreigner beside the Ante for many a long day.

By mid-afternoon Arlette goes home, and soon afterward an errand for her father takes her away from the house for an hour.

"Monsieur has been here," says Guy when she returns, "and he would have liked to say adieu to thee, for he was going away."

"Going away?" repeats Arlette faintly.

"But yes, my daughter. There was news from America that caused him to go at once, he said to me. And he could not wait for the shoes, but paid me the money and told me to give them to some one who needed them. I wish him a good journey, for he has done well by me, and not every one would think to remember that he owed an old shoemaker like thy father, Arlette. America is over the sea, they tell me, and he cannot yet be half-way to Caen," concludes the old man, drawing out his waxed thread slowly.

Is it really true that she shall see him no more? This is the one thought that fills Arlette's mind. It is this that sends her supperless to bed. It is this that causes her to rise in the morning with eyes that are red with weeping, and that have not been closed in sleep the night through. Foolish little Arlette, to weep for one who will soon forget her! She does not go to her work that day, but a day later sees her back with the others, a little pale, but that is all the difference.

The summer goes and the autumn comes, and the red leaves float along the winding Ante. The women are still talking of the foreigner who came and sketched them all so wonderfully one day.

The summer goes and the autumn comes, and the young American is back in his law office deep in his work and his future plans. He has not thought of Arlette since he returned. His sketch-book lies on an upper shelf, where he tossed it when first unpacking, and he has not thought to look at it since. A privileged friend comes into his office one morning, and, turning over one thing after another, lights upon the sketch-book, and taking it down, begins to examine its contents.

"By Jove!" he exclaims, "that is a lovely face. Where did you come across so much beauty, old fellow?"

It is Arlette's picture that the visitor is gazing at. The other turns to see what his friend has, and suddenly there flashes over him the memory of those two days at Falaise. How sweet she was, that little girl beside the Ante!

"It is just a study," he replies carelessly.

"A study?" repeats his friend incredulously, and then the drawing is laid away with the others.

But in replacing the volume the drawing falls unnoticed to the floor, face downward, and the office boy that evening seeing it lie there like a bit of waste paper, tosses it into the waste-basket, and later it goes to the ragman with the other paper.

And Arlette is still beside the Ante. She never thinks now of the one she met at the fair in the Faubourg of Guibray, but always of him who came so suddenly into her life, with his handsome face and his tender words, and who went out of her life as suddenly. Only two days; but the sweet pain of those two days will linger a whole life-time in one tender little heart beside the Ante. What if she should once more see him there by the archway! And she looks often that way with a vague hope.

The Arlette of eight centuries ago was happy in her Count Robert, who loved her. There are no Counts Robert now, and Arlette is still at her work beside the Ante, and the slow seasons come and go, and life is long, and remembered kisses are sweet.

Foolish little Arlette!

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD II—CHAPTER VIII.

BELINDA has been married three days. We are creatures of habit, as every one knows; and it is surprising with what quick pliability we find ourselves cutting off and tucking in whatever angles prevent our fitting into any new niche that it may be our fate to occupy. But this process, though rapid, is usually of somewhat longer accomplishment than three days. At all events, Belinda has not yet got into the habit of being married. There still seems to her something improbable—nay, monstrous—in the fact of herself sitting opposite to Professor Forth at breakfast in their Folkestone lodgings, pouring weak tea for him out of a Britannia metal teapot, and sedulously recollecting how many lumps of sugar he likes, as she has already discovered that he has an objection to repeating the information. Nor is it less monstrous to be warming his overcoat, and cutting his newspapers, and ordering his dinners with that nice attention to digestibility and economy which she finds to be expected of her. They have been enormously long, these three days. It seems to her as if for months she has been looking at those hideous ornaments on the drawing-room chimney-piece, and trying to draw the skimp summer curtains that will not draw across the shutterless windows, rattled by the wind. For months she has been listening to the eternal sighing, sobbing, whistling, howling of that same wind, and to the sea banging on the cold shore. For months she has been walking with Professor Forth up and down, up and down the Leas, six turns this way, six turns that way. For months she has been writing his letters till her hand ached, and reading aloud to him till her voice cracked. As for the reading and writing, she cannot have too much of them—the more the better! There is nothing like occupation—a continuous, settled occupation—nothing like occupation for keeping out of one's head those words of Sarah's that ring so foolishly dinning in her ears. "There is no sense in it! there is no sense in it!" She will not listen to them. Even if they are true, of what profit to hearken to them now? And reading and writing render conversation, too, less necessary. It is certain that, however determinately any one may have confined his or her contemplation of another person's character to the intellectual side of it, it is impossible to live with that person without discovering that he or she has another side. Belinda has already discovered that her Professor has another. It is surprising how much less of his conversation has turned during the last three days upon the problems of the mind and the sayings of the mighty dead, than upon the price of coals and the wickedness of lodging-house servants. The first of these topics has led to the proposal that he and his bride shall henceforth content themselves with one fire, to be fed with (if possible) not more than two coal-boxes per day; and the second is at present employing his tongue, his eyes, his thoughts. They are at breakfast, Belinda seated behind the Britannia metal teapot, her husband facing her, a dish of fried bacon before him, which latter object is monopolizing the whole of his attention.

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"It is beyond the range of possibility," he is saying slowly, "that you and I can have eaten a pound and a half of bacon in three days, and I think I noticed that you did not take any yesterday."

"Did I not?" replies Belinda indifferently; "I am sure I forget."

"And if," pursues Mr. Forth, his eyes ranging with severe scanning from the bacon-dish to the sugar-basin, "if, as Maria just now told us, those few lumps are all that remain of the pound of sugar purchased by me yesterday, it is obvious that there must be wholesale theft somewhere!"

"It is very dishonest of them," replies Belinda carelessly, putting up her hand to her hair, which, no longer tended by a maid, feels oddly loose and uncomfortable; "if you had allowed me to bring Jennings, she would have looked after everything."

"I discouraged the idea of your bringing a maid," replies he, nettled, "because I considered, and still consider, that it would have been a most unnecessary addition to our expenses. And as to our provisions," looking carefully round the room, "I see that there are several cupboards; there is no reason why they should not be kept—"

"Bacon kept in a cupboard in one's only sitting-room!" cries Belinda, breaking into an indignant laugh; "you cannot be serious!"

"If you are able to suggest any better way of preventing their depredations, I shall be happy to hear it," he answers tartly.

"If they ate a fitch a day," replies Belinda hotly, and lifting her disdainful fine nose contumaciously into the air, "I should say that it was a small evil compared to our living in the atmosphere of a chandler's shop."

She rises precipitately as she speaks—to her, at least, Folkestone has not given an appetite—and walks to the window, where, for the rest of the breakfast hour, she presents a sociable homespun back to the economist at the breakfast-table. It is not the first time during these three days that she has discovered that his standpoint with regard to little social possibilities or impossibilities is different from her own. She had known that she did not love him, but she had not known that he wore carpet slippers in the drawing-room. A tendency toward slippers in the drawing-room, a passion for high tea, accompanied by no change of dress, are not these sufficient to wreck a bride's happiness upon? But worst of all, perhaps because latest of all, has jarred upon her this final instance of how widely asunder are their points of view. It jars upon her still as she stands by the window after breakfast, sullenly drumming on the pane.

In the night snow has fallen, a thin sprinkling meeting even the sea's lip, advancing even to where the dull little gray waves set their chill feet; a shabby sprinkling everywhere: not a good thick cloak of snow, deep and pure, but a scanty rag, through which every footstep shows the hard dark ground. It jars upon her still, as she walks to church alone—it is Sunday morning—trying to persuade herself that she had not felt a movement of gladness on discovering that he had no intention of ac-

companying her. She walks along the windy cliff to where the church and the red vicarage look out seaward, falling in, as she goes, with a stream of people bound to the same goal. It is a well-fed, comfortable-looking stream flowing prosperously to God's house; smart furry mothers holding the hands of smart furry little children, fathers and tall young daughters, husbands and wives. There is scarcely one, as young as Belinda, who is companionless. But she does not think of this.

Her eyes are turned toward the ocean, that ocean for the most part hugged by a close mist, with only one patch of faintish glory—a pale dazzle of dim gold—on which a small fishing-boat is sailing, its homely sails transfigured as it goes. She is saying to herself, with a heart sinking so deep that she dare not gauge its profundity:

"Is *this* the man whose *mind* I have married? Is this the man who is to teach me to live by the intellect? Is this the scholar and the sage, whose teaching was to lift me out of the circle of my narrow interests into the sphere of the Universal?" she asks with contemptuous misgivings; "*this*, whose whole soul is occupied by mean parsimonies, and economies of cheese-rinds and candle-ends?"

She has reached the church, but even inside the consecrated door she finds that it is still with her. It comes between her and the Christmas decorations; between her and the bowing, "congé" clergy; between her and the prayers. A poor starling has found its way into the building. All through the service it is flying from side to side, above the heads of the congregation, under the arched roof from window to window. Children turn their heads and their eyes, idly curious to look after it. All through the sermon she hears the agonized pecking of its poor beak against the pane, in its efforts to escape. She says to herself that it is in the same plight as she. It, too, entered prison of its own accord. When the service is ended, Belinda loiters behind the rest of the congregation, in order to press half-a-crown into the pew-opener's hand—(what would Professor Forth say to such extravagance?)—and to pour into his ear an eager prayer that he will set all the church doors and windows open, to give her starling a chance of escape. But alas! what pew-opener can ever let her out?

As she passes homeward, she finds that the day has bettered. The sun has swallowed up the mist, and now shines steadily bright, and even sensibly warm. The little waves are small and mild as summer ones, though the air is still full of penknives. Perhaps it is the increased brightness upon Nature's face; perhaps it is the two quiet hours of her own society, that have braced her to face with a greater courage the lot she has chosen, and the fried bacon that typifies it.

"I *would* do it!" she says to herself sternly; "and now it is done; now there is nothing for it but to put the best face upon it, and never to own to any one that I would have it undone. There can never again be so bad a piece of my life as this!" (shuddering); "it is well to have the worst over first—it will be more endurable when we get to Oxbridge. I must try to learn how to look at things from his point of view—to count the grains of rice for a pudding, and save the old tea-leaves!" with a curling lip; "but I *will not* have the bacon kept in the drawing-room!"

Her resolutions in both respects outlast the day. That to make the best of things has body enough to withstand even the close examination to which her husband subjects the Sunday roast beef, in order to dis-

cover whether it has been robbed of any of its native suet. He has a slow, munching way of eating, which fidgets her inexpressibly; but she bears that, too. She even resists the temptation to look away from him. Since he is to munch opposite to her till death do them part, would it not be wiser to accustom herself to the sight? Her resolution withstands also stoutly all the little trials attendant on their afternoon constitutional. When they emerge upon the Leas, they see a broad highway of molten copper stretching across the sea to the lowering sun. Belinda asks leave to run down the many steps on the cliff's face to the water's edge, to set her feet in the foam fringe, and watch the long swell heaving ocean's sullen breast; but the Professor will not hear of it. A certain number of brisk turns on the Leas—always the same number—is the kind of walk to which alone he gives his approbation. No stopping to look at the copper sunset, or the fair ships riding past; nothing more likely to arrest the circulation and chill the liver. They meet the same people as they met yesterday, and the day before, and as they will meet tomorrow, and the day after; the same bath-chairs, the same dogs. The sick, white woman with her attentive burly husband; the deformed child; the frolicsome colley dogs; the frivolous Spitzes, the little blithe Scotch terriers.

Her resolution outlasts even the twilit hour, to her the most trying of the day. If she were to consult her own wishes, there would be no such hour; no space interposed between the fading of the daylight and the lighting of the gas. But it is in Professor Forth's programme that there shall be such an interval when he leans back in his arm-chair, with his eyes closed, and does not wish to be spoken to; whether in meditation or in sleep she cannot tell. There is nothing for her but to sit opposite to him, with his idleness, but without his repose. The lowered blinds prevent her looking out upon the first sunset-reddened and by-and-by moon-silvered sea. She cannot even distinguish the lustrous and the vulgar vases on the chimney-piece. She cannot even stir the fire into such a blaze as to enable her strong young eyes to read by it; for to stir the fire makes the coals burn quicker. It is the hour when the happy young build love-arbors out of, and see brave sweethearts in, the red coals. What love-arbor dare *she* build? What sweetheart dare *she* see? Then come the long hours of reading aloud. They are the most bearable of the day. It does her resolution the less credit to hold out through them. However, it does hold out. But will it endure through the next day? If it does, it must indeed be of a stout fibre. For no sooner has the next day risen, than it is clear that there has come one of those rare scourge-days with which God sometimes lashes His world; one of those days whose date is remembered, which is held up as a standard in after years for other fell days to measure themselves by; a day that wrecks ships by fleets; that strikes down century oaks by scores; that whelms trains in its snowdrifts; that stiffens into frozen death the sheep on the mountain-side, and the traveler fate-overtaken in the snow-choked country lane.

Snow often comes stilly; but to-day it is blowing—blowing mercilessly: not a bluff west wind, good-humoredly roistering, but an inhuman northeaster, the furious sleet driven, raging and sweeping by its hellish lash.

When Belinda comes down to breakfast, there is not a soul on the Leas, but the luckless baker's boy butting with bent head against the razor-edged blast. It is scarcely the day which one would have chosen to spend

in a flimsily-built seaside summer lodging-house. The Forths' lodgings are no better, and no worse than most others of the class; with walls about as puny, with woodwork about as warped, with gaps between door and carpet about as wide, with curtains as miserably insufficient as most of their kind. Though every door and window is religiously closed, there is the feeling of being seated out of doors, only more draughty. Even in a warm, stoutly-built house one would shiver; but here! Well, here the cold is so marrow-piercing that it usurps to itself the whole attention of the mind. It is not a subordinate governable cold that by an effort of the will one may forget. It can never be out of the thoughts for one moment; from the hour of rising until that of shuddering back to bed again.

The Professor, always a chill-blooded creature, sits all day with his knees within the fender, piled with every article of his own, and several of Belinda's wardrobe. Throwing economy to the winds, he has lit the gas and piled the fire half way up the chimney; though whenever fresh coals are put on, a great gust of greenish smoke, furiously beaten back by the blast, comes pouring down the chimney, and suffocatingly flooding the room.

Belinda, cold as she undoubtedly is, is not near the fire. She is standing by the window, with a pot of paste and some strips of paper in her numbed hands, pasting up the apertures in the ill-seasoned shrunk window-frames, through which the wind comes icily whistling and piping. Now and again she appeals for directions to the heap of wraps beside the hearth, trying to still her chattering teeth as she does so, to keep out of her tone the intense dispiritedness which has invaded her whole being; not to listen to the ironical demon voice that whispers in her ear:

"This is the honeymoon; that is the bridegroom of your own choosing!"

All day—all day the snow swirls past. All day the sea—dimly seen, sometimes seen not at all—through the white hurricane booms and thunders on the shore. The snow cleaves to the window-panes, freezes there, darkens yet more the dismal room. Not a soul puts nose out of doors from the dark dawn to the soon-falling night. When at length Belinda has finished her painstaking pasting-up of the windows, she asks in a voice of would-be cheerfulness whether the blast is not sensibly lessened; but receives for answer a melancholy negative. The whirlwind from under the door is such as to laugh to scorn all remedies applied elsewhere. And one cannot paste up the door.

"But one may put sand-bags beneath it," suggests Belinda, still with that same desperate cheerfulness. "They may have sand-bags in the house! she will ring and ask!"

But there are no sand-bags, and the landlady, embittered like every one else by the weather, tartly replies that such a thing has never before been asked for in her house! However, Belinda is not yet at the end of her resources.

"I think," she says, "if you would allow me to fold up all the newspapers in a tight roll, it might keep out some of the wind; can you spare them all?—*Pall Mall*, *Spectator*, *Academy*, *Times*?"

Having received permission, she begins to turn them over, in order to select those most suitable for her purpose; her careless eye unintentionally alighting on a word here and there. The first two that she catches are her own late and present surnames. "Forth—Churchill." It is the announcement of her marriage in the *Daily News*. She drops it as if it had bitten her.

The roll of newspapers is about as effective a bulwark against the wind as a child's sand-rampart is against the sea. But since she has at least done her best, Belinda considers that she has earned the right to sit down by the fire, with her fur-coat hoisted to her ears. She offers to read aloud.

"I am obliged to you," replies the Professor morosely, "but in the present condition of my temperature; it would be perfectly impossible for me to concentrate my attention."

He even looks rather injured when she herself takes up a book. But neither can she concentrate her attention. Her mind strays from the dreary wonder as to whether this enormous day will ever end, to the still more dreary wonder why she should wish it to end, seeing that it will only lead to another like it. There has been no break since breakfast-time, with the exception of the laying and removing of their early dinner, and the altercation about the sand-bags. No one has been near them, not even the postman! Doubtless every line is blocked, and all traffic suspended. The dark has long fallen; if that indeed can be said to have fallen which has reigned more or less all day. The gas has been turned up higher; the thin curtains drawn, with many futile jerks to the rings that will not run; the fire is new-built, and a sort of air of pseudo-evening comfort diffuses itself. Belinda's slow pulse begins to beat, and her blood to circulate a little more briskly. It quickens its pace perceptibly, when—oh, blessed sight!—the lodging-house servant enters with a pile of letters in her chappy hand. Thank God! the line is not blocked after all! These are the London morning letters that should have come at eight a.m. She snatches at them eagerly. They can bring her no great good news, but they make an unspeakably welcome interruption to the uniform dismalness of the long day. They remove the terrible feeling of isolation from all humankind, which hour by hour has been gaining ground upon her. There is a pile for the Professor; and for her a large fat envelope, bulging with enclosures, and directed in Sarah's hand. She draws her chair more closely to the hearth, and folds her soft furs warmer about her. She will enjoy her letters at luxurious leisure. She unfasts the cover, and the enclosures fall out, six in number; a note from Sarah herself, four letters addressed in well-known, and on this occasion warmly-welcomed female handwritings, and one in an unknown male hand. *Is it unknown?*

CHAPTER IX.

"Es ist eine alte Geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu,
Und wem sie just passiret
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei."

At first it seems so; but as she looks there rises in her memory, from which indeed it is never long absent, the image of another letter, to whose superscription this one, though less ill-written, has surely a strange likeness.

She continues to look at it; a fear too terrible for words rising in her heart, and depriving her of the power of opening it. The fire crackles comfortably. The Professor turns the page of his letter. It is his third; and she has not yet opened her first.

"I hope you have good news from home?" he says politely.

"I—I believe so," she answers stammering. "I am not quite sure yet."

She must conquer this ridiculous hesitation. Probably, certainly, she is the victim of hallucination—of an ac-

cidental resemblance. The likeness is no doubt confined to the address. As soon as she sees the letter itself, she will laugh at her own foolish fancies. She tears it open, and tremblingly turns to the signature.

There was no hallucination—no accidental resemblance! She was right, "David Rivers." For the first moment she is drowned in a rush of insensate joy, followed in one instant by such an anguish of horror as makes her for awhile unconscious of everything around her—everything but that rending, burning, searing pain.

He has written to her at last! What has he to say to her now? To congratulate her upon her marriage? He might have spared her that thrush! She will not read it! She will burn it unread!—by-and-by—not now!—when she can do it unobserved.

Her shaking fingers re-fold the paper, hide it on her lap beneath the fur, and take up another letter—Sarah's. She goes straight through it, nor till reaching the last sentence does she discover that not one word of its contents has found entry to her brain. It is no use! That letter must be read. It burns her knee as it lies on it. It is burning, burning all through her. It is better to know the worst! But to read it here under her husband's eyes—*her husband's!*

She casts at him one desperate look, and then, suddenly rising, flies out of the room. He may call after her—she thinks that he does so—but she makes no kind of answer. Up the draughty stairs she flies into her bedroom; turning the key in the lock, as she shuts the door behind her. The Professor, relenting, has given her leave to have a fire there; but the chimney smokes so furiously that it has had to be long ago let out. The room is piercingly, savagely, truculently cold; but though she has been thinking of the cold all day, she is now not aware of it. How can one be cold with a red-hot iron in one's heart?

In a moment she has turned up the gas and lit the candles. It is well to have plenty of light by which to read one's death-warrant. But she cannot spare time to sit down. A frantic haste to possess the contents of that letter which, five minutes ago, she had thought herself capable of burning unread, has laid hold of all her trembling being.

Standing, she reads it; and this is what she reads:

"5, Paradise Row, Milnthorpe, Yorkshire, }
January 10th. }

January 10th! Why, that was her wedding-day! It is not to congratulate her upon her marriage, then; he could not have known it!

"Thank God! I may write to you at last, though I do not suppose that it will be much good even now, as I am so mad with joy that I doubt whether I shall be able to make any sense of it. You will have understood—you always understand everything—what has kept me from you hitherto. Of course you heard, as everybody did, of the bankruptcy that preceded and caused my poor father's death. Whatever you may have heard, do not for a moment believe that he was to blame for it. I am such a bad hand at writing, that I can explain to you better when we meet; but I cannot bear you to remain in such an error for a moment longer than I can help. His ruin was caused by a sudden and most unexpected rise in iron, just after he had undertaken an enormous contract to deliver many thousand tons of iron railings in America at a low price. It was a misfortune that might have happened to any one, however long-sighted and cautious. You know what he was to me: I have often thought since of how I must have bored you bragging about him. You may think what that home-coming was to me! Well, if there had been time for it, I think I should have given in altogether

then. Happily for me there was not. If I broke down, where would mother and the young ones be? No sooner was the funeral over, than we discovered that the smash was so complete that, at all events until the affairs could be wound up—a matter probably of several years—there would be scarcely enough for mother to keep body and soul together. The boys must be educated; three of them quite little chaps. There was nothing for it but to give up whatever hopes one had of one's own! God alone knows whether or not that was a wrench. We took a little house in a dirty back street in Milnthorpe—I am writing in it now; but to-day it looks to me like a palace. I was fortunate enough to obtain a clerkship in a house, one of the partners in which had been an early friend of my father's; a clerkship which, as I was always very bad at quill-driving, and the confinement to which I had not been used, knocked me up, I soon exchanged for a place in the works. We got on as well as we could; mother has infinite pluck, and the young ones did their best. Sometimes I thought of writing to you. If you had ever answered a note I scrawled to you just before I left Dresden, I think I should have done so; but you did not: of course you were right. For eighteen months I worked without a holiday. Not having been brought up to it, I was at such a disadvantage with the other men. I scraped along from day to day, not daring to look much ahead, until, two posts ago, we received a letter from the lawyer of an old and distant connection of ours, of whom we knew little, and expected less, to say that he was dead, and had left £30,000 by will, to be divided amongst us. This of course makes a very fair provision for mother and the children, and leaves my arms free to work for myself. You must decide whether they are to work for you too. Is it any wonder that I cannot write sense? May I come? When may I come? Do not keep me waiting long, or I shall come without leave. Darling! darling! darling! I suppose that I have no right to call you that, but do not be angry; I did not write it! I wrote itself, and I cannot scratch it out, it looks so pretty written! After twenty months, one might be afraid that many women had forgotten one; but you are not of those that forget! Love! have you forgotten Wesenstein?"

"DAVID RIVERS."

She has read it through, without a break or a pause, to the signature. There is no more, but yet she still stands looking at it. For one all-happy moment the present is dead to her; only the past wholly lives. *Has she forgotten Wesenstein?* She smiles rosyly; such a smile as has scarcely been seen to visit her face since that very Wesenstein day. "Darling! darling! darling!" She counts them. There are three. He says that they look pretty written. He is right: they have a pretty look.

A slight noise breaks her trance. It is only the Professor poking the fire in the sitting-room below; a sound plainly audible through the thin flooring. But if it had been the great Trump of Doom, it could not have more effectually bleared and shivered away her visions. There is a growing wildness in her eyes, as they retrace the sentences of the just-read letter. It is a good letter. No woman need wish to have an honester or a fonder one from her own true love. It has only the one trifling drawback of having come just three days too late. It is scarcely tactful to have thrust itself thus untimely between her and the husband of her choice!

"It is my own choice," she says; "there lies the point of the joke!" and she laughs aloud. Something in the sound of her own laugh frightens her. "Am I going mad?" she asks herself.

As she speaks she staggers to the window and throws up the sash; whether—even in this icehouse atmosphere—gasping for yet more air, or driven by some

darker impulse. For the moment the hurricane has lulled. Outside it is all white with snow and moonshine: the moon herself not absolutely visible, too low to cut even her accustomed track upon the silvered sea, betrayed only by the sudden pale flash that each loud wave gives in turning over on the strand. Ceaselessly, as it has been snowing all day, the devilish wind has swept the pavement clean and bare. She can see the flagstones' fierce wet shine immediately beneath her. How hard they look! and at what a distance below her! One step from that easily accessible sill and she will be for ever healed of that pain, than which none worse ever made dying man in deadly straits call upon Death to set him free. But Death, the gentle genius with the reversed torch, laying his soft hand, coolly liberating, on the over-weary heart, is not akin to the grisly, gory, murderous phantom that she in her misery invokes. For that dread step even her perfect woe has not yet ripened her. She shivers moaning back from the razor-edged outer air, and shuts the window. She sits down by the table, and spreading out the letter before her, reads it deliberately through again. Not a tear dims her dry eye. They say that the worst of a thunderstorm is past when the rain comes. The worst of a human sorrow is past when the tear-rain comes. But Belinda's grief is far indeed from having reached that better stage. What would she not give for a few tears, or that this hideous keenness of consciousness might melt away, blurred into a merciful swoon! But she is as far from the one relief as the other. If it had been written one day earlier! If she had yielded to Sarah's passionate persuasions to delay her marriage for one month! If—if! There are a hundred ifs, any one of which might have opened heaven to her! But not one of them did.

"It is my own choice!" she keeps repeating, half aloud, and then comes again that terrible impulse to laugh loudly at the ghastly irony of it! the mirth of it! *Her own choice* to be sitting here alone and marrow-chilled—chilled, yet with a red-hot sword slowly turning and turning in her heart; afraid even to groan aloud, lest she should be overheard, instead of—

But the reverse of that picture she dare not face. That is the road that lies straight to madness. Her eye wanders wildly yet again over the page. Even it, in cruelty, seems always to fasten on the fondest phrases:

"I am so mad with joy!" "Is it any wonder that I cannot write sense?"

As she looks at the words, written in such pure, glad, good faith, but that seem to stare back at her now in grinning mockery, a great dry sob rocks her whole body to and fro. The pity, lavished hitherto on herself alone, now changes its current, and pours in bitterest flood over him. "*Mad with joy!*" until when? Until casually taking up the newspaper, he reads that on the tenth of January, James Forth, Professor of Etruscan in the University of Oxbridge, took to wife at St. Jude's Church, — Street, Mayfair, Belinda, elder daughter of the late John Churchill, Esq., of Churchill Park, Loamshire. He will not believe it! He will think that some one has inserted it as a joke. In humiliating torrent, and with a retentiveness of memory, of which she had not believed herself capable, there rushes back into her mind the stream of hold-cheap jests and jeers and quips, in which they had united the forces of their joint wits at the expense of him who is now her husband; whom at this moment she hears shoveling coal on the fire in the room beneath her. Upon no one's testimony but her own will Rivers believe it. And what words

can she find in which to tell him? Again that fierce sobbing shakes her from head to foot; but she masters it. For a few moments she sits in motionless miserable thinking. Then apparently an idea strikes her, for she rises, and, taking the candle in her hand, drags herself to the looking-glass. For a moment she peers haggardly into it. At all events her face is not disfigured by tears; and the only person to whose scrutiny it will be subjected is no very nice observer of its variations.

Apparently she is satisfied with the result of her consultation, for she moves to the door, and, opening and unlocking it, passes down stairs and re-enters the sitting-room.

Mr. Forth is in exactly the same posture as that in which she had left him, except that, having finished his letters, he has been able again completely to entomb himself—hands and all—in his wraps; out of which only an elderly face—its wrinkles plowed deeper by cold and crabbedness—now peeps.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing all this time?" he inquires captiously.

"I have been in my room."

She had dreaded lest there may be something so unusual in the sound of her voice that he may turn round and look at her. But no! he keeps his attitude of peevish crouching over the hearth.

"I hope that the fire was burning well," he says anxiously. "If the grate is of the same construction as this one, it will require constant attention."

"I—I—do not think that it was burning at all," replies Belinda uncertainly.

Till this moment it has never struck her how many degrees of frost have been adding physical to her mental suffering.

"Not burning? Not lit?"

In a moment he has leapt to the bell and violently rung it; but as Maria's movements in responding to it are marked by no greater celerity than usual, there is time for the whole of the following little dialogue before her arrival:

"Have you been pasting up the windows? If not, I am at a loss to conceive what can have induced you to spend the best part of an hour in such an atmosphere."

"I—I—have not pasted them up. I will if you like."

"You have left the door open."

"I am very sorry. I will shut it."

"What are you doing over there? Why do you not come and sit down?"

"I—I—am looking for the *Daily News!*"

"*The Daily News!* What do you want with the *Daily News?* Is it possible that you have already forgotten that you made a roll out of all the newspapers to fill the aperture under the door? not"—ungratefully—"that it has been of any use."

"I did not take the *Daily News*; I laid it aside."

She does not explain why she laid it aside.

"What do you want with the *Daily News?*" fretfully, fidgeted by her movements.

She is on her knees before the cupboard to which her husband had planned to confide the custody of his bacon, and from which she has been unable wholly to exclude jam-pots and pickle-jars. She had forgotten that they were there, and the sight of them—unlikely as it would seem that such poor trifles could either add to or take aught from the sum of so great a grief—the sight of them seems to be the last drop that brims her cup. In after life it seems to her as if nothing had brought her so near self-destruction as those pickle-pots! What does she want with the *Daily News?* A desperate impulse seizes her. She will tell him.

"I want it in order to cut out the advertisement of our marriage, to send to—"

She pauses. The name sticks in her throat. With the best will in the world, she *cannot* pronounce it.

"To my mother?" suggests the Professor, filling up the blank conjecturally. "I have already done so."

Belinda laughs a laugh like the one that had made her question her own sanity up-stairs.

"No, not to your mother; to—to—an—acquaintance of my own!"

She has found the journal now—found it in the very spot to which she herself had—as one does—unconsciously tidied it away. In an instant, as if it were printed in her own red blood, her eye has flashed upon the announcement; picked it out from the long list. Her work-basket, in which lie the scissors with which she must cut it out, lies on the table at her husband's elbow. She stands quietly beside him, snipping, snipping delicately, in the gaslight. There must be no jagged edges; nothing that tells of emotion—nothing that will betray to him to whom it is to be sent that each cut of those fine, sharp scissors was into her own heart.

"I cannot think what is the use of occupying yourself about it to-night!" says her husband, venting the ill-humor engendered by Maria's tardiness in replying to his spells, upon the nearest object—as many better men than he have done before him. "The country post is long gone. Probably all the lines are blocked—"

"I know! I know!" interrupts she harshly; "but I had rather get it done to-night! to-morrow I—I—may have forgotten!"

She is back in her own room again, having taken the opportunity to slip out unquestioned, afforded by Maria's appearance at last—Maria in that reluctant grudging humor with which she usually offers services, cheered by no hope of final largess; a hope that the Professor has seen fit, immediately upon his arrival, to extirpate. Belinda is in her room again alone; but, alone and undisturbed, she knows that she cannot long remain, but that she will be speedily followed by Maria with coal-box and shavings to re-light the extinct fire. What she has to do, must be done quickly. She opens her writing-case; takes out envelope and paper; directs the first, and then writes on the latter, in a large, painstaking legible hand, "From Belinda Forth." It has not taken one minute in the doing: Maria's pursuing foot is not yet heard: happily she will be as slow as she can. Belinda blots it carefully; then, after steadfastly and with perfect tearlessness considering her own handiwork for the space of a moment, she lifts the paper to her dry lips, and lays a solemn good-by kiss upon her own name; upon the "Belinda," that is, carefully avoiding the "Forth." She has no manner of doubt that he will find it there: and who can grudge them such a parting embrace?

Then, without any further delay, she folds the paper, inserts in it the advertisement, closes and stamps the envelope. It is done! accomplished! and now that it is so, an intense restless craving seizes her, that it should be on its journey. In any case it cannot leave Folkestone to-night; but at least she might do her part. It might be committed to the post. The thought of it lying here all night; meeting her again in the morning—God above her! what will that morning waking be!—is more than she can face. But to whom can she confide it? To Maria? That high-spirited person would flatly refuse to brave the elements on such a night; and neither man nor mouse could blame her. To that grimy Gibeonite—the boot and shoe boy? He would infalli-

bly commit it to his breeches-pocket, and dismiss it from his mind. Why should she not take it herself? There is a pillar-post not twenty yards from their door. The thought has no sooner crossed her mind than it is half way toward accomplishment.

In a moment she has taken hat and additional furs from the wardrobe; has fastened them on as quickly as her trembling fingers will let her, and has stolen down stairs, creeping on tiptoe past the sitting-room door; a needless caution, for the Professor, though not at all deaf, has no longer that fineness of hearing which is spared to few of us after forty. Neither does she, as she feared she would, meet Maria and the coal-box. The hall-door is not locked, and opens easily; rather too easily indeed, for no sooner is it unlatched than a force as of ten thousand Titans violently pushing, dashes it back. It is all that she can do, after repeated efforts, and putting forth her whole strength, to shut it behind her. When she at length succeeds, it closes with a bang that—as she is aware by former experience—makes every floor leap.

Again she laughs out loud. The temporary moonlit lull is over; the cloud-rack has sponged out moon and sea. The great hurricane is awake and in wrath again. There seems to be nothing in all creation but himself and his terrible snow-sister. The air is so full of the white flurry—close and fine as flour—that it makes breathing difficult. Belinda gasps. She has to stand still for a moment, that her feet may grasp firm hold of the ground, else will the northeaster, in one of its furious freaks, take her bodily off them. Then she staggers resolutely on again; a lonely fighter through the raging winter night. Of every slightest lull she takes advantage to quicken her pace. Now and again she turns her back upon the suffocating snow in order to breathe. But not for one moment does she repent of having come. She feels no hostility toward, no fear of, the dreadful elements. Is she not as desperate as they? The hand-to-hand fight with them does her good. It seems to lift some of the lead from her brain; to set farther away from her that madness that had loomed so near. But the twenty yards seem more like twenty miles.

She has reached the pillar-post at last—an opportune momentary lifting of the storm revealing to her its snow-whitened red—has found the aperture, and has dropped into it the letter so carefully, painstakingly kept dry beneath her cloak. Yes! it is gone! gone past recall! as past recall as the wood at Wesenstein; as the friend on whose coffin we have seen fall the first cruel spadeful of earth. But of this she has no time to think. A fresh frenzy of the tornado obliges her to cling half stunned to the pillar; and the moment that she looses her hold, the snow-wind takes her in its fearful hands and hurls her back along the Leas.

For one dread moment it seem to her that it is about to hurl her far away over the cliff into the awful lap of the bellowing waves that, even now, she can hear in the darkness savagely tearing at the great hewn stones of the quay. That one instant reveals to her that the life she had thought herself capable of throwing away, is still sweet.

By a great effort her feet recover their hold of the ground which has fled from beneath them; but not until she has been swept far past the house to which she is struggling to return. Battling, blinded and dizzy; bewildered by the darkness, and by the hopeless uniformity of the row of buildings, it is long before, groping for the door that continually eludes her, she at length finds it; at length she finds herself within its shelter.

Maria does not recognize her at first, so battered and snow-covered is she; but Belinda pays no heed to her expressions of incredulous astonishment. It is possible that she may be so deafened by the elemental roar as not to hear them.

Without much consciousness of how the intervening stair-flights were climbed, she finds herself again in her room. The gas is still turned high up, as she had left it. Maria has at length relit the fire; there is plenty of light for her to see her bridal chamber by. Plenty of light, too, to see the blotting-pad on which she had so lately blotted the three words of her *bille de faire part*.

She takes it up, and holds it to the looking-glass. How plainly the three words come out; not a letter, not a stroke missed!

"From Belinda Forth." She mutters them over and over under her breath. "From Belinda Forth!" "From Belinda Forth!"

She is roused by a voice calling from below:

"Belinda! Belinda!"

It is her husband. Let him call! The summons is repeated with more stress and urgency:

"Belinda! Belinda!"

Is it not the voice which will go on calling "Belinda!" through life? Is it not the voice to which she herself has given the right to call Belinda; to command Belinda, to chide Belinda; immeasurably worst of all, to *caress* Belinda? Of what use, then, to break out thus early into senseless, bootless revolt? She hastily shakes the powdery snow from her clothes, drags off her soaked shoes, twists afresh her wet and streaming hair, and goes decently and orderly down again; decently and orderly to all appearance, for who can see the wheels that are whirling in her head, and the flashes of uneasy light before her eyes?

She finds her bridegroom in his former attitude: it seems to her as if she could have better borne him and it, if he had changed his position ever so little. But no! he is still *mumping*, round-backed, over the fire.

"I called repeatedly," he says, with a not altogether blamable irritation; "is it possible that you did not hear me?"

There is no answer, the wheels in her head are going so fast.

"Where have you been? what have you been doing?"

"I have been out."

"Out! You must be a madwoman!"

"So I sometimes say to myself," replies she very distinctly, and looking straight at him as she speaks.

"And may I ask," continues he sarcastically, "what induced you to choose this peculiarly tempting evening for a stroll?"

I went to post my letter."

"Pshaw!"

She has taken her former seat opposite to him. The northeaster's lash has whipped up a royal red into her cheeks, usually so far too pale.

"There is no accounting for taste," she says slowly; "mine has often been blamed. You, at least, Professor Forth, have no right to complain of it; shall I read to you?"

As she speaks, she takes up the book laid down overnight, and without further permission launches into the first paragraph she sees. She has been conscious, on coming into the now really warm room out of the frozen stinging air, of an odd sensation in her head. It feels light and swimming, but she reads on. Now and then the types wave up and down before her like the furrows of a ploughed field; but she reads on. The matter of the book and the matter of her thoughts are woven hopelessly together like warp and woof, but she reads on:

"If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous successive slight modifications' (in *how many years am I likely to die?*) 'my theory would absolutely break down. But I can find out no such case. No doubt many organs exist of which' (*can the worm that never dies sting more sharply than this?*) 'we do not know the transitional grades.'"

How the print is jiggling and bowing; but it will come straight and still again just now. She reads on.

"Pray repeat that last paragraph; I am unable to follow you; you are making nonsense of it!"

But instead of complying, Belinda tumbles the volume noisily down into the fender, and falls off her chair after it. Her wish is fulfilled: she has fainted!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAVES.

A MOUND, a stone and violets;
A bird-song in the air;
A child that gathers flowers and lets
The wind play with its hair;
A field of wheat across the hedge
Rippled by fairy hands;
A silver stream that downward runs
To cheer the lower lands.

No mound, no stone, no violets—
A blue sea overhead;
A sobbing wind, that ne'er forgets
Its chanting for the dead.
Beneath the stars on summer nights,
That deep blue grave how fair!
The while upon the shore the waves
Beat low, as if in prayer.

No mound, no stone, no violets;
No bird, nor wave, nor star;
A spot where Memory forgets
What spring and summer are;
Deeper it lies than deep-sea graves,
From land and sea apart—
O grave, so sad and desolate!
O grave, within the heart!

CLARENCE T. URM.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
OUT OF THE TOILS.

As Hilda turned from the window a new view of the situation flashed upon her. The hour of passive suffering had gone by; the time for active resistance had come. She walked across the room and tried the door. It was fastened from the outside. She was a prisoner. At first she rebelled at the thought. It occurred to her to burst it open and defy the world. She was not afraid to do so. The blood of the Hargroves surged into her face, and as she caught sight of the reflection in the mirror she knew that the look of fierce determination painted on it had come from the brave man she had been wont to call her father. It was all a base lie, and she would yet crowd it down the throats that uttered it. But how?

That was the question. She was in danger. They would take her for a slave. She must escape from her pursuers. Not only her own future but her father's honor demanded that. Her father's honor! He had given his life for it, and she would give hers to save it from taint. All else was naught to her. All? Her hand pressed her heart as the thought of Martin swept through her brain. Then there came for the first time a terrible, sickening fear. Could it be that he had heard this story of unutterable shame, and had cast her out of his heart? She tried to spurn the thought, but it would return. Why was he not here? He must have heard—he must have known. And yet, why should she blame him? If he were at her feet begging for her consent, she would not unite her destiny with his—no, not for worlds. The dread shadow that hung over her should not rest upon another life by any act of hers. And yet she would have been glad to know that "in evil as well as good report" he loved her still. She did believe—she would believe that he did. Some terrible calamity must have kept him away—some accident—ah! there were a thousand things that would account for it.

She caught a daguerreotype case from the table, gazed upon it eagerly, kissed it and hid it in her bosom. She would keep it forever—the shadow of a love that might never be renewed, but yet full of bliss in its memory. She went and opened the little desk at which she had spent so many happy hours in writing to this playmate—friend—this brother-lover of hers. She would write one more—the last. She brushed the dust from the purple baize cover; touched her pens and paper tenderly; thought again of the refined and delicate surroundings which she had always enjoyed, and wondered

vaguely what her life would be like thereafter. It did not matter. She would do what honor dictated, and no cowardly thought should make her weak. Across her memory flashed the picture she had seen in her dream—her father standing at the tiller, and the moonlit track that led to death. She could die or live, she said to herself; but, dying or living, she would be worthy of that memory.

Then she drew forth the paper and wrote. It was the thin tinted paper, which was accounted the very finest in that day. It was made in the old mill in the village beyond, the rumble of whose wheel she could almost hear. The genial owner was very proud of his best "laid paper," and had presented her with a generous store of it one day when she went to visit his daughter, in that happy past that was already so far away that it seemed to have belonged to some one else. She put away these soft memories and wrote:

"MY DEAR, DEAR MARTIN."

She had never doubled this tender epithet before. She paused a moment and looked at it. Then she drew her pen through one of them. A moment after she obliterated the possessive. "Not mine," she said to herself. "Only the Martin that I thought was mine, but still dear." Then she tore the sheet into little fragments and began again. Her pen did not rest until the sheet was finished:

"DEAR MARTIN: You of course know what has happened, or soon will know. True or false, it must separate us; unless, indeed, its falsity can be clearly shown. Even then it may well be that you would shrink from uniting your life with one on whom such a cloud had rested. I do not believe you would. I do not think you would hesitate to stand beside me and brave even the worst that fate may have in store for me. I know you are noble and brave. If you had not been I could not have loved you, and my father would not have trusted you. But because you are all that I love and honor, I must not bring you shame—no, nor even the shadow of it. Strong as is my love, I could not endure the possibility of distrust; and you would not ask me to do violence to my own sense of honor even at the dictate of affection. Besides, I will not hide from you my fear that what I believe, will never be proved. You know the mystery my father always preserved in regard to Alida and her children. I even shudder at the fear that my trust in him may itself be broken. Ah, poor crazed Alida! If it should be that she is in truth my mother, then indeed—but it cannot be! Yet, now that I am bidding you good-by, Martin dear, let me ask you to be kind to her, to shield and protect her, as if, indeed, she were my mother. You know I cannot do it. I must even

fly for my own safety. The law—they say so, at least—the law claims me as a slave. Ah! how often we have thought of such things, little dreaming they would ever come near us. I remember now all the stories I heard when that strange Mr. Brown was here. How long ago it seems, and I wondered then if they could all be true. And now I am one of those strange things myself—a slave—a soulless mortal, an irresponsible immortal. I am another's property to have and to hold, fast bound and fast held by the riveted chains of the law. This hand that writes to you is not mine. You have called it yours, but it can only be yours by purchase now. These lips that you have kissed—I suppose their beauty only adds to my value in dollars and cents.

"But do not fear, Martin. I shall never be a slave. Death is a bridegroom who is always ready. No fear and no force can keep me from his arms if I must go to them to save myself from dishonor. Do not be afraid. She who has loved you—who always will love you—has not a drop of blood in her veins that would not run gladly out to save her from such a fate.

"Yet, Martin, I would almost as soon live or die a slave, as to remain even in luxury and ease knowing that he whom I have worshipped as my father had deceived me—was not my father—and that the shame they seek to fix upon me now, was mine to bear forever and to give with my life, unto my offspring! No, not that! Sooner than that, I would bury shame and suffering in a shameful grave. No other life shall take such blight from mine.

"But I must say farewell, Marty. The dear old days come back as I write—when we were boy and girl—brother and sister—soul-wedded lovers from the first. God bless you, Marty. We shall never meet again I fear—we dare not meet—unless—unless a hopeless hope prove true.

"I am going away. How or where I do not know, and you must not seek to know. Do not follow me—do not try to find me. If the sunshine ever falls upon my life again, I will come to you. Till then—or forever, as it may be—as it must be unless—ah, why will I hope! Farewell, Marty! Say farewell when you read this, as if, indeed, you kissed my dead lips—to know me forever after, only as a sweet memory. I cannot tell you, dear love, how I suffer; yet, even now, it is more for you than for myself. Again, and always, let me say—adieu. HILDA."

She bowed her head upon the desk, and drowned her dead love in tears. Her frame shook with sobs; and love that knows not laws, nor customs, nor constitutions, nor the sacred "rights of things" for a time took tribute of her fair young life. Then she started suddenly and dried her tears unconsciously. Fear came upon her once more. The sun was wearing westwardly. She sealed her letter hurriedly. Hardly had she done so when there was a knock at the door. She tried to say come in, but the words died on her white lips. The key turned in the lock, and the teacher entered. She bore a waiter on which was a bountiful repast. She closed and locked the door, set the waiter on the table, and came and stood beside Hilda, gazing at her searchingly. She stooped to kiss her, but Hilda drew away from her, while a hot tide surged over cheek and brow. The teacher read the address of the letter on the desk, and then glanced quickly around the room. Her eye fell on the lawyer's letter. She tried to seize it, but Hilda was too quick for her and snatched it away.

"You have read that?" asked Miss Hunniwell, her voice shaking in spite of her boasted self-control.

"Yes," said Hilda sullenly. She had risen, and was standing defiantly in the corner by the window.

As she spoke, she saw a man wearing a broad-brimmed slouch hat pass along the carriage-way to the rear of the house. She saw, too, the black face watching him from the thicket above.

"You know then?" said the teacher inquiringly, with her hands clasped tremblingly before her.

"I know it is a lie!" said Hilda vehemently.

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt," said the teacher reassuringly; "but you know that—that you are in danger?"

For answer Hilda pointed to the figure approaching the carriage-house. Miss Hunniwell uttered an exclamation of indignant surprise.

"The wicked wretch!" she exclaimed. "Does he think that he can prevent your escape by prowling around the premises in that style? If he thinks he is going to take you away from Beechwood and into—into—Oh! I beg your pardon, dear."

Hilda had cast herself into her arms, and was weeping on her shoulder.

"Hush! What is that?" exclaimed the teacher.

Hilda looked up in surprise, but followed her gaze as well as tears would permit.

The stranger stood in the driveway scanning curiously the rear of the seminary. As Miss Hunniwell spoke a small white packet fell at his feet. He glanced around in surprise; then picked it up, unfolded it, and seemed to be reading. He looked toward the window near which they stood, nodded his head in that direction, and then walked quickly away. The teacher stood for a moment thoroughly amazed. Then her face lighted with intelligence and scorn, as she nodded toward Amy's room and said:

"Enemies without and spies within. Poor girl! poor girl! But they shall not get you. That man has been here twice to-day. He is the man referred to in that letter—the administrator of somebody, who wants to get hold of you. But he shall not. He has no warrant, and cannot get any before morning, and you will be far enough away before then or I shall miss my guess."

"What will you do?" asked Hilda.

"Never mind, dear. Eat your dinner while I send away the spy," said the teacher, shaking her head wisely.

She left the room. Hilda heard her knock at Amy's door, and a moment after heard them both leave the room and pass along the hall. Soon the teacher returned, smiling at her own shrewdness.

"I have informed one of the teachers that she is to keep Miss Amy Hargrove in her room until after prayers," she said. "Now we can lay our plans, and there is no time to lose. I have already telegraphed for a lawyer and Mr. Jared Clarkson; also to Mr. Kortright."

"Martin?" asked Hilda, turning pale.

"Yes, certainly. He will be here by to-morrow night at the farthest."

"Oh, Miss Hunniwell, why did you do it?"

"Why, I thought you would want him here, above all," answered the teacher in surprise.

"Oh no, no! I cannot see him! He must not come! Do you not see?" she continued, and a deep flush had taken the place of pallor in her face; "if—if—it should be—as they say?"

"Ah, poor child! but it is not," said the teacher positively.

"But—but can we prove it is not so?" asked Hilda plaintively.

"True, true," said the teacher, walking back and forth and wringing her hands distractedly. "Oh, what an infamous thing! What a horrible, wicked law for a Christian people to obey! But we will not obey!" she exclaimed hotly, as she stopped suddenly before her pupil. "We will take you away from them; we will defy the law. Did not Mr. Clarkson do it last year?"

We will do it here! I will do it. I will appeal to the people. I will go myself. I will help tear down the jails. We will defy the world if need be; we will rescue you. You shall go to Canada, where people are free. Thank God, there is one place they may be!"

The delicate woman was transformed into a fury by the sense of injustice and wrong. Her hands were clinched, and the blue veins showed through her soft, fair skin, while her eyes burned with a strange, wild light that no one had ever dreamed could slumber in their blue depths.

"Thank you a thousand times," said Hilda, as she clasped the teacher in her arms and kissed her, while her tears fell on the hot, red cheeks. "You are very kind and good, but I must not risk such chances."

"What can you do?"

"I must go away."

"But how? You saw how the house is watched?"

"It must be done," said Hilda. Then she showed the note from Amory and told how she had received it.

"Aye," said the teacher bitterly. "He distrusted me. They thought I would give you up. Even the servants are truer than I have been to the right and liberty."

Hilda soothed her self-reproaches, and after a little the woman's wit coupled with the teacher's experience perfected a plan very much more feasible than the one the minister had devised. Hilda donned her most serviceable garments. Her bank account was turned into bank-bills by the teacher; a valise was hastily packed, and she was ready. Miss Hunniwell stood at the door of the dining-room and noted that all the pupils entered. Then she closed the door and a muffled figure stole down to the side entrance. The principal's carriage happened to be waiting there. The driver stood carelessly by. While the pupils sang the usual hymn that preceded the evening repast at Beechwood the muffled figure came out of the door and entered the carriage. The driver closed the carriage door and strolled carelessly along, leading his horses by the bit to the front entrance. After a short time Miss Hunniwell, equipped for a drive, came down the wide steps with a market-basket in her hand. She entered the carriage; the driver took his place on the front seat, and just as the daylight faded from the sky, drove leisurely through the streets of the little village, turned northward at the end, and with a chuckle brought the snug roadsters down to their work as if they had a long trip before them.

Ten miles away there was a busy town, at which two trains met at ten o'clock that night—the one going eastward and the other westward. A young girl left a carriage which was standing by the platform and entered one of them just as it moved away. The driver was busy with his horses. A gray-headed woman watched her anxiously from the carriage-door as she went along the platform, passed the dimly-lighted station and was then lost to view.

Evening prayers at Beechwood came at eight o'clock. Then all met in the chapel, the organ pealed forth its notes, and soft, young voices uttered songs of praise. The day's record was made up, announcements for the morrow made, and then the day at the seminary was at an end. Each pupil retired to her room; an hour was allowed for preparation for repose, and then silence settled on the throng of white young souls beneath its roof. Until evening prayers, Amy Hargrove was kept a close prisoner in the teacher's room to which she had been sent by Miss Hunniwell; returning then to her

own room she found all still in the adjoining apartment. She applied eye and ear to the key-hole. She could only see the flicker of the fading firelight; she could hear nothing. She tried to open the door, and then first remembered that she had locked it. Then she took the key from her own door, and after some trouble turned the bolt. She opened the door and entered cautiously. The firelight showed that the room was empty. Hilda's things were scattered about. The door was locked. So was the wardrobe and the trunk. So, too, the little desk. Amy moved carefully about, examining everything. Then she sat down upon the rug by the hearth and thought. It was evident that Hilda had fled, but where? How? She could not understand. Of course Miss Hunniwell would not like to have her arrested there. No doubt she pitied her. Indeed, she pitied her herself, or would have done so, but for the fraud that had been practiced on her. She could almost forgive that and pity her still but for the envy in her heart. Why was it that everybody loved Hilda, and seemed only to distrust and avoid her? Even the Southern girls in the school were all sorry for Hilda now, and were angry at the man who had come to assert his right and do his duty as an officer of the law. Of course it was a pity that Hilda had been brought up to think herself free and white; but it was silly to make such a fuss about her now that they knew that she was neither. While she thought of these things Amy was startled by a slight noise at the window. Some one was quietly forcing an entrance. The sash was pried up; a hand was thrust in. Her heart stood still with terror. She understood it all in an instant. She had never dreamed when she wrote the note she had thrown to the man in pursuit of his slave, informing him that "the person he was seeking was in the room adjoining," and, in answer to his look of inquiry, had motioned toward that window, that any one would try to enter except by the door and with lawful warrant. She had been instigated by envy, and a meddlesome desire to have her own ingratitude justified after a fashion by the capture of this slave-girl, who had outstripped her in the regard of her fellows, as well as in the studies they had pursued together. Now she feared that her interference would be revealed. What if the kidnappers should be discovered and themselves arrested? Then she would be exposed, covered with infamy—perhaps held guilty with them. She would warn them now, and have them go away as quietly as possible. She was terribly frightened. The sweat stood in drops on her forehead and her limbs refused to move. The window was raised now, and a man stepped lightly within. She noticed that he wore coarse woolen socks over his boots to lessen the sound. She looked up at his face, and saw that it was strangely muffled. At length she found strength to rise. She must warn them at once. Suppose Miss Hunniwell were to return. She ran quickly across the room, and laid her hand on the man's arm. She had no fear of him. It was her information that had brought him there.

"Hush!" she said in a low whisper.

She started, however, when an arm was thrown about her waist, but before she could cry out something soft was pressed against her face; there was a pungent, choking odor; a strange sweetish taste in her mouth; the world seemed suddenly to grow dark and close about her; then as quickly to grow light and expand to infinite distance. She felt herself slipping away from existence, and then—she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SOUTHERN "GATOR."

Six thousand baby alligators are sold in Florida every year, and the amount of ivory, number of skins, and quantity of oil obtained from the older members of the Saurian family are sufficient to entitle them to a high place among the products of the state.

The hunters sell young "gators" at twenty-five dollars per hundred, and the dealer from seventy-five cents to one dollar each. Live alligators two years old represent to the captor fifty cents each, and to the dealer from two to five dollars, as the season of travel is at its height or far advanced. A ten-foot alligator is worth ten dollars, and one fourteen feet long twenty-five dollars to the hunter, while the dealer charges twice or three times that price. The eggs are worth to the hunter fifty cents per dozen, and to the dealer twenty-five cents each.

The dead alligator is quite as valuable as the live one, for a specimen nine feet long and reasonably fat will net both branches of the trade as follows:

THE HUNTER.		THE DEALER.	
Oil,	\$5.50	Oil,	\$7.50
Skin,	1.00	Skin,	4.00
Head,	10.00	Head,	25.00
	\$16.50		\$36.50

The value of the head is ascertained by the number and size of the teeth. Dealers mount especially fine specimens of the skull, but the greater number have no other value than that of the ivory they contain.

The wages of the hunter depend, of course, upon his good fortune in finding the game. One of the most expert of these gives as instances of successful hunts the items of three days' work which yielded thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents; of six days with a yield of twenty dollars and ten cents, and of eight days' hunting which netted forty dollars and twenty-five cents.

Without speaking of those enemies of the "gator" who hunt him for sport, there are about two hundred men in the State of Florida who make a business and try to make a living by capturing or killing him. Very many have eaten alligator-steaks from simple curiosity to learn its flavor; but many more eat it because it is the cheapest and, oftentimes, the only meat they can afford. The flavor when it is fried or broiled is that of beefsteak plentifully supplied with fish gravy, while the fore-legs roasted taste like a mixture of chicken and fish, and have a delicate fibre.

Very methodical in his habits is the alligator, and very suspicious of anything new around his home. When he starts out in search of food it is invariably an hour after the tide has begun to ebb, and he returns about four hours after low water. If he has a land journey to perform, he goes and comes by the same route, never deviating from it until he sees evidence that strangers have trespassed upon his domain. He lives on the banks of some stream, for he has decided objections to stagnant water, and to make his home he digs a hole at least twelve inches below the lowest level of the water. This hole is perfectly straight, although on an incline, and from twenty to thirty feet in length, terminating in a chamber sufficiently large to admit of his turning in it. There he or she dwells alone, save when the female is caring for a very young brood, in which case the one room is converted into a nursery.

Full-grown alligators not only do not occupy the same hole, but they will not live near each other.

The alligator usually lays her eggs about the first of July, and during the month of June she is busily engaged in preparing the cradle for her young. Selecting a place on the bank of some stream or creek, she begins work by beating hard and level with her tail an earth platform about six feet square. She scrapes together with her fore-feet, oftentimes from a distance of fifty yards from the proposed nest, dried grass, sticks and mud until fifteen or twenty cubic feet of the material is in a place convenient for her purpose. On the day following the completion of these preparations she lays from thirty to fifty eggs on the prepared ground, and piles over them dried grass and mud deftly worked in with sticks until a mound six feet in diameter and three feet high has been raised. The surface of this is quickly hardened by the sun, and, in order that it may be as nearly air-tight as possible, the female visits it each day, covering with mud any crevices that may have appeared, as well as remodeling such portions as do not satisfy her sense of beauty.

The ordinary time of incubation is about two months, and then the newly-hatched brood may be heard yelping and snarling for their mother to continue her work by releasing them from their prison-nest. On the second or third day after the first noise has been heard, the female bites a hole in the side of the mound, out of which the young ones, barely more than eleven inches long, come tumbling in the most vigorous manner, crawling directly toward the water. Until the young are three years old the mother exercises a parental care over them, always remaining within sound of their voices, not so much to protect them from their natural enemy, man, as from their unnatural enemy their father, who has an especial fondness for his own children in the way of food.

When then the hunter finds a nest, he carries the eggs home to hatch them, where he can easily capture the brood if the eggs are fresh or if the young in them are not more than five inches long; at any other stage they will not hatch if removed, and are of no value except for the shell. The captured eggs are then packed in straw as nearly as possible in the natural way, and the young may be thus hatched out very successfully. One farmer reared sixteen hundred and another a thousand last season. The young will eat immediately after coming out of the shell, but they thrive best if given no food for at least three months.

The cry of a full-grown 'gator is not unlike the bellowing of a bull, except that it is of more volume, since the voice of a male can, on a calm day, be heard a distance of five miles; and they may be said to be sun-worshippers, since they seldom "resolve themselves into song," save at the rising of the sun; in fact, the only exception to this morning melody is when a storm is approaching. The average Florida "cracker" needs no other barometer than the alligator in the neighboring creek or swamp.

One ceases to be astonished at the volume of sound which comes from these monsters when he sees a full-grown one put forth all his strength to produce the effect. He stretches his body to its full length, inhaling sufficient air to puff him up nearly twice his natural size; then, holding his breath, as it were for an instant,

he raises both head and tail until he forms the segment of a circle. When all is thus complete, the "roar" comes with sufficient force to startle one, even though he be prepared for it.

Since, in order to guard his head, the alligator is obliged to turn his body somewhat, and since, when his jaws are once closed he is unable to open them if only a moderate amount of strength on the part of man be used, the hunter selects this point for attack when it is possible for him to steal upon his game unawares. If the intending captor gets a firm hold upon the jaws of his game in this way, the monster becomes reasonably easy prey; one rope soon secures his jaws, another is tied around his neck and fastened to a tree, while a third secures his tail in the same way, thus stretching the captive in a straight line; his fore paws are tied over his back, a stout pole is lashed from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail, and the 'gator is helpless.

It is seldom, however, that the hunter gets his game at a disadvantage, and to secure him alive he must set about the work much as boys do when they snare rabbits. A tall, stout sapling near the water's edge is the first requisite, and directly in front of that, in the water, a narrow lane or pen is made with stakes, the two outer ones being notched, as is the spindle of a box-trap. At the end of this pen, and nearer the shore, a stake is driven into the mud, and on the top of it is fastened a piece of tainted beef. A stout rope, at one end of which is a large noose, is fastened to the top of the sapling, and to the upper part of the noose is attached a cross-bar, or trigger, which, when the tree is bent, catches in the notches on the outer stakes just below the surface of the water, the noose hanging around the entire opening. To get at the meat the alligator attempts to swim under the bar, but his back displaces the trigger, and he is a captive, with the rope fastened just back of his fore legs.

It is necessary to bind the captive while he is in the water, and then to carry him to the shore in a boat; for, amphibious as he is, he can be drowned if dragged even a short distance through the water. When once

properly secured and on land, the alligator can do nothing in the hope of effecting a release, save to roll over, and this he does by a mighty effort with his shoulders, frequently working himself over a quarter of a mile in distance in a single night.

Those who are most familiar with the habits of the alligator, as seen in the Southern States, believe his partiality for decayed food does not arise from any particular flavor it may possess, but simply because in a putrid state any large amount of flesh is more easily torn apart and masticated than when fresh. Although the possessor of so much ivory in the shape of teeth, and able to use his jaws with so much power, it is an extremely difficult matter for an alligator to dismember a pig, even after the flesh is decayed. While the meat is yet firm and the muscles intact, it is an impossibility for him to do other than swallow it nearly whole, as he sometimes does when interrupted shortly after he has killed his prey. That alligators do like fresh food when it is possible for them to eat it is shown by the fact that fresh fish and small turtles are their favorite diet. In the stomach of a twelve-foot alligator there have been found six catfish, none of them mutilated, weighing altogether thirty-four pounds.

If one believes implicitly the positive assertion of the alligator hunters, he must perforce say no man knows the span of life allotted these saurians. The native Floridian, as well as the hunter, will insist that the largest of the 'gators are more than a hundred years old, pointing to the fact of his slow growth in proof of the assertion. A newly-hatched alligator is eleven inches long; at the age of six years he is very slim and but three feet in length; at ten years of age he has gained considerably in breadth and but twelve inches in length, while during the next two years he has grown hardly more than one inch longer. An alligator fifteen feet in length, caught near the mouth of the St. John's River, was so covered with barnacles and other marine growth as to make it almost certain that he must have been in existence seventy-five years.

JAMES OTIS.

KALSTROM'S WIFE.

"THE sun is bright, the sky is clear,
The wind blows soft and free;
For that the larder runneth low,
Go thou ashore," said she.

"Keep thou the watch, then, wife of mine;
Farewell, farewell!" he cried.
The lake was blue, away he flew,
Across the waters wide.

The shining hours ran on apace,
Till day was almost done;
Then, swift and dark, the angry clouds
Put out the sullen sun.

The fierce winds roared, the tempest beat;
Brave Kalstrom gave a moan;
Far up within the lighthouse tower
His young wife watched alone.

Three times his trusty boat he launched,
With strong, determined hands;
And thrice the rude waves hurled it back
Upon the treacherous sands.

But as with straining eyes he gazed,
Clear shining like a star,
The red rays from the lighthouse tower
Streamed steadily and far!

Day dawned, day waned, but o'er the lake
Still swept the furious blast.
All day, all night, young Kalstrom raged—
A lion caged at last.

"Now, by yon heavens!" he cried, "not here
Another night I'll tarry;
Come life or death, I'll risk the waves
And bread to Lisa carry!"

Up in the lonely lighthouse tower
Pale Lisa prayed and wept;
While round her, lashed by furious winds,
The mad white surges leapt.

O weary watch! O doleful days!
O pain of heart and limb!
O awful dread, when far away
Upon the world's wide rim

She saw a little dancing fleck !
Was it a boat ? A boat ?
Dear God, on those wild, howling waves,
What keel might hope to float ?

Swiftly the darksome night came down,
The world was blotted out,
When from below her lofty tower
She heard her husband's shout :

"Ho, Lisa ! ho ! a rope ! a rope !"
The casement wide she flings ;
The cold spray dashes in her face—
The boat beneath her swings !

Swiftly the knotted noose she threw ;
"Now pull, lass, pull !" cried he ;
While up his costly freight she drew
Safe from the hungry sea.

Back sped the coil. Beneath his arms
Scarce had he drawn it tight,
When great waves swamped the rocking boat,
And swept it out of sight ;

While he clung quivering to the wall,
All bruised and sore bestead,
The raging surf beneath his feet,
The blinding storm o'erhead !

Then cheerily rang Lisa's voice
Through the tumultuous din :
"Hold fast, hold fast, my husband brave,
For thou and I will win !"

On the taut rope she tugged and strained ;
Up, up he climbed and swung,
While to each crevice in the wall
With hands and feet he clung,

Till he could see her soft, dark eyes
Above the window-sill.
Then came a mighty sweeping wind,
And wrought them grievous ill !

It tore his strong hands from the wall,
It hurled him in the lake ;
Drowning the shriek of wild dismay
From Lisa's lips that brake.

But, swift as thought, her brave young arms
Paid out the lengthening line ;
It held him in the rushing surge—
'Twas like a hand divine.

Then once once more that faithful wife
Her heavy task essayed ;
Up, up beside the lighthouse tower
Once more the strong man swayed.

He grasped the window-sill at last—
O Kalstrom, veil your eyes,
For breathless on the oaken floor
Your peerless Lisa lies.

Nay, ask me not ! My lips refuse
To tell the direful tale,
Lest woman's cheek should turn too white,
And feeble hearts should quail.

But oh, ye high souls, who have borne
All pangs for love's sweet sake,
Nor shrank beside the cruel rack,
The fagot or the stake ;

Ye faithful ones, who, undismayed,
For love have yielded life,
Open your ranks and give her room—
Brave Kalstrom's braver wife !

JULIA C. R. DOBB.

A FLOWER TALK—NEXT SUMMER'S GARDEN.

If annuals are planted, no weeding should be attempted until the plants have attained sufficient size to enable one with certainty to distinguish flower from weed. In the early stages of their growth the two resemble each other so closely that very often one is mistaken for the other. But as soon as you can tell them apart, begin the work of weeding. A thorough cleaning of the beds at the start will do away with much future work of that sort which it would be necessary to do if the first weeding were not thorough. Very many seeds will fail to come up. In such cases it will be necessary to transplant from places where there are too many plants standing together. Never allow plants to stand thickly enough in the beds to crowd each other. If you do, some will be choked and starved, and none will be as fine as they ought to be. The small annuals, like the portulacas and sweet alyssums, ought not to stand closer than within six inches of each other. If you have more plants than you know what to do with, don't throw them away. There are always poor persons somewhere about the neighborhood who would be glad to take the plants you have no use for.

If the season proves to be a dry one, you must see that your plants do not suffer from lack of moisture. Take a watering-pot with a rather large-holed nozzle on the end of the spout, and go over the beds every evening if water is plenty. In dry times it is neces-

sary to do this if you would have good flowers. If water is scarce, you can clip grass from the lawn or the pasture and spread this over the beds and among the plants. This will help retain the moisture and prevent a too rapid evaporation from the soil. After it has become wilted and unsightly it can be worked into the bed, where it will rot and act as a fertilizer.

Very many kinds of plants have a tendency to "straggle." They put out a branch here and another there, and are far from presenting a symmetrical appearance. This can be prevented very easily if the proper action is taken in time. On observing any inclination, on the part of the plant, to eccentricities of this sort, pinch off the end of the straggling branch. This will induce other branches to start, and while they are starting the other branches will develop sufficiently, in most cases, to bring the plant into proper "balance."

If you would have the greatest possible amount of flowers from your plants, either annuals or bedders, as the greenhouse plants used in the garden in summer are called, you must be particular about one thing, and that is to remove all flowers as soon as they begin to fade. If this is done, new shoots will start, bearing buds, and thus the supply of bloom will be constant, and as profuse as it is in the nature of the plant to produce. If seed is allowed to form and mature, the energy and strength of the plant will be used up in the

process, and you will have but few flowers after the first crop. This is one secret of success with many gardeners. They take care to cut off every flower when it is past its prime, and, in consequence, they have such constant supplies of flowers, and these in such profusion that a great many non-observant amateur florists get the idea into their heads that this successful person must have a peculiar method of growing flowers—a "knack" which they do not possess. Instead of being a "knack," it is usually a knife or scissors, and the regular and persevering use of them.

If you care to cut many flowers for use in the house—and almost everybody who loves them wants flowers in every room during the season—it is a good plan to have a corner expressly for "odds and ends," from which you can cut without feeling that you are taking away from the beauty of the garden-beds. In this corner you can sow such seeds as may be left after sowing in the beds. Here you can put out cuttings from the bedding plants, and "strike" the branches you cut off from your house plants in the spring when you put them out on the veranda for the summer. Nothing will come amiss. In a short time you will have a brilliant bed of miscellaneous plants, and the more flowers you cut the more there will seem to be. There is a peculiar charm about these out-of-the-way corner gardens that I fail to find in the more orderly beds in the garden or on the lawn. Perhaps it is because there is a total lack of formality and primness, and such a general fraternizing of all kinds of flowers that the very atmosphere of the place is redolent of good will and equality.

If you attempt to grow dahlias, you must take care to have them planted in a very rich, mellow soil. This flower is a great feeder, and if you have only an ordinary soil for it to grow in, it will probably give you a good deal of disappointment. But if you put out good strong plants in rich soil *after* the ground has become thoroughly warm, and *not before*, and are careful to give them all the water they need through the season, you need not fail of success. Every week save the soap-suds from the wash-room, and apply it about the dahlias. If the season is dry, mulch the ground about them with grass. In wet summers, if you have noticed it, you will see that our dahlias are very much finer in every way than in dry seasons. If you would have success in their culture, then imitate the conditions of the seasons in which they are most satisfactory. As the branches of the dahlia are brittle and easily broken, always stake your plants well and keep them tied. If this is not done, a wind may make sad havoc, and from

its effect the plants will not recover during the season. If you give the dahlia a *rich soil* and *plenty of water* you will be delighted with the results.

One of our most beautiful flowers is the gladiolus. It combines the brilliancy of the rose with the delicacy of the lily, and it has the merit of being easily grown. It seldom fails to give complete satisfaction. The bulbs should be planted in groups of half a dozen. The soil should be light and rich. Put a stake by each bulb, and as soon as the flower-stalks appear tie them up. When planted in clumps, dark-colored twine can be stretched around the stakes, and the stalks will be supported by it, and by each other, and the effect is more pleasing than when each stalk is tied up by itself, on account of all lack of primness and stiffness. We have no flower more valuable for cutting and use in the house than this one. Buds on the end of the stalks will develop and expand after being placed in water. The gladiolus makes a most brilliant show, and the varieties of it offered for sale by the florists are almost innumerable.

The tuberose is another flower which deserves a place in every garden, but we do not often see it grown far from the cities. I suppose the reason of this is that persons who know but little about the characteristics or requirements of the plant have tried to grow it and failed, and from this cause the tuberose has the reputation of being unreliable. Now the facts are the tuberose requires quite a long season to mature in, and it is quite tender. If planted out in open ground too early in the season the cold earth weakens its vitality, and it does not recover from the shock during the summer. If not planted out until warm weather is an assured fact, it does not come into bloom before frost comes, and the least touch of frost is death to it. Therefore, to be successful with the plant, we must adopt such treatment as will prolong its season of growth. Start your tuberose in pots in the house in March. Put them out in the garden when the ground is warm, and give them a generous diet. With this treatment, in nine cases out of ten, you will have good success with them. You must be sure to stake the plants when the flower-stalks appear, for they will bear too heavy a load for their strength to support well when their flowers expand. The tuberose has a rich tropical fragrance, and is very beautiful in its waxen whiteness. The variety called pearl is the best, as it does not grow as tall as the others, and has as large flowers and more of them. In purchasing bulbs be sure to get those which have not bloomed before. The blossoming plant of this year is of no value next, save as a producer of new bulbs. It will not bloom again.

EDEN E. REXFORD.

WON.

At last I have thee safe—
Thou wilt no longer chafe
Against the chain.
Thou canst not, though thou would,
Be aught but true and good
Ever again.

Yes, now thou art my wife:
The suit to win, the strife
To keep are o'er.
The weakness of the flesh,
The spirit's waywardness
Will vex no more.

No more will anger harm
Or jealousy alarm,
Now thou art mine.
Thy other lovers all,
Hearing that grim recall,
The chase resign.

They do not greatly care
If thou be foul or fair,
Single or wed.
To me they yield their claim
On body, soul and name—
Now thou art dead.

HENRY A BEERS.

A SESTINA.*

[LEGEND.—In New Hampshire, near the banks of the Connecticut River, there is a small pond, very deep, and whose water is of a deep crimson color. The country adjacent, in the colonial days, was occupied by the Abenaki tribe of Indians, who were driven away by the English settlers. Associated with the pool is the following legend.]

BESIDE the rushing stream that vainly tries
To woo the banks away, and long has fought
With angry floods and unexpected rise
To kiss their mossy brows; as if it thought
To win its prize by passion. Then swift dies
And shuns the heights which it so madly sought.

Within a whispering wood undoubted sought,
You think, by fays and sprites; but when one tries
To picture it their home, the fancy dies;
For ghostly red, as if souls tortured fought
To hide beneath and lave their bleeding thought,
There lurks a pool whence mocking shadows rise.

From midnight shadows of the pool doth rise
An Indian girl, by peeping moonbeams sought,
And clad with silver light, as if they thought
To make the maid more beautiful. She tries
To still her heart, which bleeds as if it fought
With some great grief whose memory ne'er dies.

The maiden, fairer than the West where dies
The day, with plaintive song sings of Love's rise
And fall. How in the olden time there fought

Against her tribe a youth so fair, who sought
Her love. Now changed her song; a captive tries
To conquer conqueror with amorous thought.

A day he madly loves; but when she thought
Elysium was won, his passion dies.
Mad with hot love, to win a kiss she tries,
Low kneeling at his feet, where, ne'er to rise
He kills her; and her heart-blood streaming sought
This pool. Lost the fierce battle she had fought.

Her trait'rous lover sought the pool, and fought
With his mad dreams; to cool his fevered thought
He drank. Exultant, to the depths she sought
To tempt him. Lo! he falls, and struggling dies.

Her song is done, and as the sun doth rise
He seeth naught but shadows though he tries.

L'ENVOI.

And to this day, they say, a mortal dies,
If faithless to his love, and will ne'er rise
If stooping there to quench his thirst he tries.

H. C. FAULKNER.

* The sestina, or sestino-stave, is the most complicated of all the Provençal forms of verse. It is said to have been invented by Arnaud Daniel, a Troubadour. It is seen in the unrhymed form in one example by Edmund Gosse. Rhymed examples like the original one given herewith are very rare in English, and the present instance is one of the first from an American author.

THE HOUSEHOLD—SOME MANTEL LAMBREQUINS.

THERE is one before us which we contemplate with great satisfaction, the materials for which did not cost more than fifty cents. It is made as follows: Get one yard of crimson canton flannel, one and a quarter yards of crash toweling (if it is wide enough to be split into two lengths), and an ounce of Germantown wool or zephyr, as near the shade of the canton flannel as possible.

The best way to cover any mantel is to have a thin, smooth board, cut just the size of the marble, as the covering can be stretched much more smoothly over this and nailed securely on, and it can be lifted entirely off when any dust is being made, and thus preserved fresh much longer than if fastened at the back of the real mantel.

For a mantel of ordinary size, the canton flannel will be sufficiently wide to cut into two widths, beside two narrow strips, the use of which will be explained later. The two large pieces must be neatly joined with an overhand seam, which should then be pressed on the wrong side to make it perfectly flat. Turn down an edge all around, and baste it closely with red cotton, using very small stitches on the right side, as the basting is to remain. Then fold this canton flannel part and lay it aside while the crash border is taken in hand.

If the crash is sixteen inches wide, it may be split in two; but if less than this, a piece must be bought long enough to go across the front and sides of the canton flannel, allowing for corners and seams. The length given for the canton flannel was half the length, with an inch or two over for seams, of the mantel it adorns, and this rule should be followed for any other mantel. The two lengths of crash are neatly joined with an overhand seam on the wrong side, sewed with a raveling of the

same, and the width is then divided into three parts by drawing threads. All the threads are then drawn out from the central third, with the exception of rather less than half an inch from the bottom. This is to separate it from the fringe. The selvage side of the crash is used for the top, as it is greater for joining, and the other side is nicer for the fringe.

Now thread a large needle with the ravelings, and, beginning at one end of the drawn part, fasten in the middle. Then take up six or eight of the threads and turn under the next six or eight. This is continued from end to end, and the uniting thread merely brought along as though the others were strung on it. A row of feather-stitching is next done on the crash with the worsted at each edge of the open work.

The plain upper third may now be taken in hand; and for this almost any simple pattern in chain-stitch with the same worsted will look well; or star-shaped flowers in long stitches may be preferred. Our pattern was traced with the help of a large spool, and is in rather upright waves chain-stitched.

The selvage edge of the crash is next to be carefully basted with the red cotton on the edge of the canton flannel, laying a plait at the corners, and sewing that part with the raveling. The canton flannel is lapped over the crash, and a row of feather-stitching makes the edge perfectly flat.

The lower third of the crash is now raveled out for the fringe, which is left perfectly plain, and the narrow strips of canton flannel are joined and basted at each edge beneath the open-work above. The effect of this bordering is very much like that of Macramé fringe, without half

the trouble, and the mantel cover calls forth much enthusiastic admiration.

The color of the canton flannel and worsted may, of course, be varied to suit any apartment; and, with such numerous and exquisite hues in the former material, there need be no difficulty in matching furniture and curtains. A room has a more finished look when curtains and mantel-cover are of the same material; but this is not always practicable, and in winter thin fabrics are scarcely suitable for this purpose.

Another pretty cover may be made of very dark garnet or olive-green canton flannel, with a bordering of Japanese crepe pictures framed in narrow black velvet. This bordering should be lined with silesia, or undressed cambric; and the fringe may be made of worsted to match the canton flannel, mingled with bright silks.

Almost every one understands what ticking embroidery is, but few have seen it used for a mantel lambrequin. It is very effective, however, and may be done with a mingling of split zephyr and silk, that will make it comparatively inexpensive. A very narrow black velvet ribbon, to cover the blue stripes, is a great improvement in this work; and feather-stitch, herring-bone, point-russe and chain-stitch may all be used. When carefully done it has a very rich and Oriental effect; and it can be used as a bordering to almost any thick material. This mantel-cover should be finished with a fringe, of which the foundation may be a thin black silk fringe with strands of bright-colored silks crotched in on the front. This makes a very handsome edge.

For those who can paint, many beautiful things are possible; and, among them, mantel lambrequins quite out of the common order. Something very pretty may be made of enameled cloth, with the lambrequin cut straight and painted with designs similar to those found on tiles. The lambrequin should be fastened on with gilt-headed nails, and a little gilding used in the borders. A connected story is always desirable when a number of designs are used; but something of a very simple character only should be attempted by the amateur. A study of Minton's and other tiles will be found very useful; but the actual imitation of tiles is to be avoided rather than aimed at, since real tiles would be out of place on a lambrequin.

The enameled cloth is used with very good effect, particularly in a dining or sitting-room, with no other embellishment than brass-headed nails where it is joined, and worsted fringe on the edge of the lambrequin. In using brass-headed nails avoid the common failing of placing them too far apart, as this gives the article a very scant look. They should be separated only the breadth of the nail head.

Velvet and velveteen make very rich-looking mantel-covers, and are much more expensive than the two other materials. But where something really handsome is wanted for a parlor mantel, a very satisfactory result may be accomplished by covering the shelf with either fabric, attaching a lambrequin of white silk embroidered in outline work after tile-patterns, and paneled with old-gold-colored velvet to carry out the picture idea. Very little of the white ground would be visible, and that little would only enhance the beauty of the coloring. A fringe of gold-colored silk would complete a very elegant lambrequin. Where blue is the prevailing color of the furniture, dark blue might be used for the shelf-color, and vivid blue forget-me-nots worked on the white silk lambrequins, the whole finished with a fringe of blue silk and threads of gold.

Different colored velvet ribbons joined with feather-stitch, and embroidered with little dots or other devices in the centre, and edged with handsome fringe, will make a lambrequin of great richness, particularly suited to a room where the other furnishings are in dark, warm colors.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

WORSHIP OF THE SUNFLOWER.

AN English church, not fifty miles from London, was a few days since decorated for a thanksgiving service for a bountiful harvest. The church is an ugly one, partially painted a dull red color, and on either side of the altar-table, against this red background, stood four sunflowers in pots. For sunflowers, with all the associations they possess, to be thus prominently used in such a place, to the exclusion of the many delicate, more beautiful and more fitting emblems of such a season, argues strange ignorance of what decoration is worthy the house of God, and is a strong plea in favor of a minister himself superintending such decoration, and not leaving it, as too many do, to the taste of ladies who make it "look pretty," as they would their ball-rooms. The expression, "worship of the sunflower," would hardly seem to be a senseless one, when we think of its occupying a place at our altars.

When will the craze of the day be superseded by a pure appreciation of the beautiful—a real love of art—in its highest and best sense? In America, I believe, the "gaudy, smutty-faced" sunflower, and all of which it is a type, long since gave way to what is simpler and more artistic; but while it is used for decorative purposes, its glory in England must still be far from declining.

G. JULIA WALKER.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"WILL the Household Editor please inform a reader of the correct pronunciation of Judge Tourgée's name?—A. E. V., Auburn, Me."

Ans.—Judge Tourgée is of Huguenot descent, and gives the name its French sound, as if it ended *zhay*.

"NOTICING in the 'Household' page of THE CONTINENT of January 10 a bitter complaint from 'K,' in regard to mould on jellies, I am moved to go to her relief. She appeals to her 'sex.' I did a much wiser thing. I appealed to the other sex. In former years it was as much trouble to me to cover my jellies as it was to make them. My plan was to cut numerous circles of paper. The smaller ones were dipped in brandy and laid over the surface. Then a larger circle was immersed in white of egg and drawn tightly over the cup, bowl or tumbler. The egg produced an air-tight covering, and also served as paste. My husband is a chemist, and one day, upon observing my tedious proceeding, he asked me why I did not lay a lump of paraffine on the top of the hot jelly, and let it melt and spread over it. The success was perfect. No mould—no brandied paper—no paper at all! If a little doubtful in regard to whether or not the jelly is sufficiently stiff at the time of placing it in the glasses, the paraffine can be melted and poured over the cold surface after any length of time. When the jelly is needed for use, a knife slipped under the edge will remove the whole cake, which can be laid away for service next year. I have followed this plan for several years, and neither mould nor sugary surface has molested me.—E. L. L."

"I AM an interested reader of your journal, particularly of the Household Department, and perhaps can help a little to make the labor of some of my sisters lighter if I send you a few hints which I have long used, but never seen in print. First, in sweeping carpets, use wet newspaper wrung nearly dry and torn into pieces. The paper collects the dust, but does not soil the carpet. Second, a carpet, particularly a dark carpet, often looks dusty when it does not need sweeping; wring out a sponge quite dry in water (a few drops of ammonia helps brighten the color) and wipe off the dust from the carpet. This saves much labor in sweeping.—F. C. S., Cambridge, Mass."

"CAN some of your readers give me a recipe for cleaning plaster of Paris medallions without destroying the lineaments, etc.; also one for permanently brightening old copper coins.—F. S. C."

A CORRESPONDENT who is indignant at the expensive nature of the bills of fare prepared for THE CONTINENT sends an excellent rule for corned or dried beef, which is given below. As to the objectionable *menus*, if our correspondent has followed the course of this department he may remember that they were announced in the beginning as for all purses. Some are very simple; some more elaborate, but the most complex one has never been allowed to equal the ordinary *menus* of fashionable society.

"PICKLE FOR TWO ROUNDS OF BEEF.—Cut the rounds in suitable shape for drying; mix together two pints of salt, one pound of brown sugar, and half a pound of saltpetre; rub them with this, and pack them in a tight vessel; make a pickle that will bear an egg, and pour it over; put a weight on the top and let it lay for ten days; then take it out and smoke it two days; if partial to smoked beef, hang it in a dry place, in drill bags, to keep out flies. In preparing pickle for any kind of meat, observe that one gallon of water will hold, in solution, a quart of salt and two ounces of saltpetre. This keeps beef the year round."

HELEN CAMPBELL.



HEREAFTER the two serial stories running in THE CONTINENT will be alternated so as to give a double installment of each serial every second week. We find that the installments which our space permits are not such as to allow of satisfactory portions of two serials being printed in each number, and the alternation not only enables us to present a greater variety, but to give such portions as will satisfy the reader.

THE enterprising manager of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas is announced—not on very good authority, to be sure—as having engaged Mr. Matthew Arnold for a lecture tour in this country next season. Is it not reasonable to draw an inference from this as to the possible character of the next play contemplated by these eminent composers? The Oscar Wilde side-show appears to have paid very well in the case of "Patience," and why should not Mr. Arnold prove an equally good card in connection with something notable in the way of contemporary criticism?

THE Harvard Annex has borne its share of chaff during the four years of its existence, its students having been the recipients of quite as many good-natured compliments as of ungallant sneers. Mrs. Louis Agassiz has just made an interesting report on its present status, which shows that the "Annex ladies" have thus far been for the most part either young women who intend to be teachers, or older ones who are already teachers, and contrive to pay the by no means moderate fees that they may become better teachers. Beside these professionals, there is a percentage of amateurs who have leisure and scholarly tastes, and who study because they wish to. The Annex seems to have outgrown the suspicions under which it rested at first, through the real earnestness of its members and their proven capacity to mind their own business.

"THERE'S millions in it," beyond a doubt—thirty-six millions, at the lowest estimate—that of a United States commission of professional engineers, while another moderate estimate, that of Captain Eads, of bridge and jetty fame, modestly suggests one hundred and fifty millions, to make a good beginning. Yes, "there's millions in it"—in this project of controlling the flow of the Mississippi River and its tributaries, that is—millions for construction, more millions for maintenance, and still other millions for repairs and improvements. River and Harbor bills, paltry Back Pay "grabs," Credits Mobilier and the rest, fade into insignificance when compared with the possibilities of Mississippi improvements. Just here some one who wants to convict us of hostility to the South will stop reading, and denounce THE CONTINENT as opposed to all broad schemes for the "regulation of commerce between the states," as the Constitution puts it. Of course it is of no use to explain to these people that there is reason in all things, even in the amount of money which the nation ought to spend in furthering these special and peculiar interests. Nevertheless, we venture to suggest that even if the project of regulating the flow of these mighty streams is possible to modern engineering—

and the question is merely one of time, men and money—the strain on the national finances would be beyond all reason, and would favor a ring with opportunities and temptations of unprecedented magnificence. Let any one who doubts spend an hour in studying the habits of the tiniest brooklet, which are in miniature the habits of the Mississippi. Call the great river a mile wide between levees, and the brook a foot wide from bank to bank. A confining levee, or embankment, ten feet high along the river would be represented proportionately in the case of the brook by one *less than half an inch high*. How much, think you, would the brook be restrained by such a barrier after a sudden thunder shower in the summer or a prolonged rain? The United States Government can do it, of course! It can do anything! and the mere building of a continuous quadruple chain of mountains along the great rivers may be effected if the nation sets about it. Then there is that other pleasant little project which contemplates storage reservoirs, wherein the surplus waters of early spring shall be retained until they are wanted during the drought of summer! If the redoubtable Colonel Sellers had thought of the Mississippi he need never have wasted his time in providing eye-water at a dollar a bottle for the four hundred million of weak-eyed Asiatics. The whole country is interested in having the river made as useful and as harmless as possible, but the way to do this is to learn the habits of the river, and adapt ourselves and our necessities to its convenience. No strait-jacket can be made that will restrain this giant when he puts forth his strength.

AN exchange informs us that a student of Williams College has invented a new method of squaring numbers, and then tells us how it is done. It is no doubt a valuable discovery. The world has waited a long time for another way to perform this operation. Where a man makes a business of squaring all the numbers that come in his way it gets to be tedious, and it must rest him a good deal to change hands now and then. Besides that it makes a tremendous strain on the multiplication table. The new method has the advantage of variety. The dry process of multiplication is pleasantly interspersed with numerous other mental operations that must render its application as entertaining as a Chinese puzzle. A checker-board would be a good thing to practice on at first, or one might have a few reams of paper ruled especially so as to mark the special positions. We give it in the interest of science, and hope none of our readers will think that because we give it we have any notion of starting a puzzle-column. Perhaps it would be best for such of our readers as may be aware of insanity in their families to skip this interesting process, or get a professor of mathematics to hold their heads while they read it. The process is as follows: "Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digits, and write each product under those already obtained, in such a way that its right-hand figure shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the

right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square."

WITHIN a few months—July at the earliest and September at the latest—the American citizen will have the opportunity of trying a new method of transmitting small sums of money through the mails. He may, for instance, ask the local postmaster for a \$2.50 postal note, and will hand him \$2.53. In return he will receive a slip of paper about the size of a "greenback," at the left of which will be printed three columns of figures, one representing dollars, one dimes, and one cents. In other columns are years, months and days. The postmaster will punch out from this slip figures representing \$2.50, and the year, month and day on which the note is purchased. The bearer of this note is entitled to receive the sum specified on presenting it, properly endorsed, at the office where it is made payable. The system is not so safe as the postal order or the registered letter, but it is cheaper, and involves a minimum of red-tape. No application is necessary, as the note is bought as easily as a postage-stamp, may be slipped into an envelope, and forwarded to its destination without the frequently tedious delay necessitated by waiting for forms to be filled out and numbers to be registered. It will, in short, almost take the place of the lost and lamented fractional currency, which was so convenient when one wished to send fractional parts of a dollar to a correspondent. A similar system has been in use in Great Britain for two years, and during the second of these years notes to the amount of over ten million dollars were sold at the different offices of the United Kingdom. The postal note will not do away with the money order system, which has been somewhat modified and cheapened, and which will no doubt be as largely used as ever in the transmission of larger sums.

A NEW species of young man has lately become sufficiently numerous in the streets of New York to demand classification as a type. The time-honored and now somewhat obsolete terms of "dandy," "swell," "cad," and so on, even when qualified and intensified by the adjective "howling," do not seem to meet his case; so the great slang-loving public invented a name for him, which quickly became current, and has now found its way into print. This young man seems first to have attracted notice by means of his banged hair, but the bang does not, or at least did not, constitute an individual of the species, though perhaps at the present time it may be regarded as typical. No satisfactory etymological derivation of the term "Dude" has as yet been suggested by the philologists, but it appeals to a subtle sense of harmony when used in reference to the live specimens whose chief habitat is the west sidewalk of Fifth Avenue during the late afternoon hours. The dude possesses in his outward appearance and bearing all the attributes of a gentleman, excepting, perhaps, that of manliness. His dress is unostentatious in its perfection, its only loud notes being a pair of white gaiters, which are believed to be going out already in obedience to the unwritten code of dudeism. Why the dude feels any interest in life is not clear—he does not look as if he enjoyed it. There is a certain introspective earnestness in his bearing that reminds one of the theological student, and perhaps the prevailing high collar strengthens the resemblance. To say that the dude is offensively supercilious would do him injustice, for superciliousness implies a certain conspicuity out of tone with the eternal verities of his creed. That he is intensely supercilious is probably true; but his superiority to the multitude lies in the fact that he holds all distinguishing marks of his rank strictly

in abeyance. "The dude is young now, and his advancing years will be watched with curiosity by an anxious public. It is now held by high authority that he must be under twenty-five years of age. What he will be after passing that limit time alone can show. Let us hope that he will be as harmless then as he apparently is now."

MIDDLE-AGED people, whose memories go back to the days when Abraham Lincoln was rising into public notice; when John Brown was preparing to capture Harper's Ferry "with his nineteen men so few;" when Grant and Sherman and Sheridan were known only on the Army Register—such people remember a little, feeble, keen-eyed Southerner who represented the State of Georgia in Congress, as long ago as 1843, and who, prior to that time, had served in the legislature of his own state. It must be at least forty years since the news-gatherer of the period began to prepare paragraphs to the effect that the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was confined to his room and was much reduced in strength. A few days or weeks later he would perhaps be reported as dying, and presently he would be back again in his seat in Congress. Paragraphs like these have gone the rounds of the press with irregular periodicity before, during, and since the war. A dozen times he has had his obituary written, and yet it is only yesterday, as it were, that the end came, and the strong spirit escaped from its frail body. What this man would have done had he been blessed with the average health and strength of men who reach the age of three score and ten, can only be conjectured. As it was, he worked his way upward from the cabin of a poor Southern white to the Vice Presidency of the Southern Confederacy; and when his tenure of that office was summarily cut short, he came back to Congress as naturally as if he had never seceded, and died at last the chief executive of his native state. What might he not have achieved had his intellect been sustained by the average physique of the American man? We hope shortly to give our readers an illustrated article on the life and home surroundings of this remarkable character.

MR. CONWAY has long been known, not only as a keen observer, but a graceful and telling narrator, and in the present case personal affection and admiration have formed part of the feeling with which his subject¹ has been approached. The story of Mr. Conway's own youth, very modestly told, is only one of countless similar incidents in the life of the elder man, who, while never seeking to influence, came to be a power in minds of every grade and calibre. The story of the home life of Emerson is necessarily also that of the transcendental movement in New England, and Mr. Conway is one of those who, under his influence, passed out from all the traditions of their youth, and accepted the seer's version of life. At this point come some interesting glimpses of Emerson's private spiritual beliefs. The first hint for all speculators comes in an answer to one who had asked what his own opinions were:

"I believe that most of the speculations and difficulties that infest us we must thank ourselves for—that each mind, if true to itself, will, by living for the right, and not imparting into itself the doubts of other men, dissolve all difficulties, as the sun at midsummer burns up the clouds."

Later, when talking with Mr. Conway of the fierce theological discussions at Trinity College, he said:

"I am not much interested in such discussions; it does seem deplorable that there should be a tendency in some people to creeds which would take man back to the chimpanzee." "I have very good grounds for being a Unitarian, and a Trinitarian

(1) EMERSON AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Moncure Daniel Conway. 8vo, pp. 383, \$1.50. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

too. I need not nibble forever at one loaf, but eat it and thank God for it, and earn another."

His dislike to mere theological discussion increased with years, and he held more and more to the optimistic theory that time would do far more than any antagonistic criticism ever could. When such argument was thrust upon him, he was fond of silencing it by a little story:

"Mary Kotch, a wise and saintly Quaker woman, told him that her little girl one day asked if she might do something. She replied, 'What does the voice in thee say?' The child went off, and after a time returned to say, 'Mother, the little voice says, no.' 'That,' said Emerson, 'calls the tears to one's eyes.'"

Emerson's opinion of Carlyle is a discriminating one, in spite of the strong friendship existing between them, or rather in one of them, since Carlyle seems to have had little but criticism to spare for even those nearest him, Miss Mitford's letters, lately published, giving a quotation which is only one more indication of how little value Carlyle ever placed upon affection, save when he had finally lost it. Mr. Conway writes:

"He often spoke of Carlyle with warm personal affection; but it was plain to me that the later works of his friend were regarded by Emerson as unhealthy. When the 'Life of Friedrich' was appearing, he derived great benefit from it, and wrote warm thanks to Carlyle for each volume; but there was some hesitation when it became a question whether any youth should re-enter the old atmosphere of enthusiasm which had surrounded Carlyle's writings. As much care was needed to get at the best in Carlyle's book as to get at the heart of the man. 'When I was in England,' he said, 'young men desired me to introduce them to Carlyle; but I said, Why will you have this vitriol thrown over you?'"

As a rule he preferred silence on his own work, and when his own poetry was praised interrupted with, "You forget—we are damned for poetry." He included his own poetry under his label for much American work of that kind—"versers." None could come up to his unyielding standard. Rufus Griswold he held an interesting person, as the one man who has discovered the existence of American Poetry. Not that he did not love and value his contemporaries and literary friends—he rejoiced in them; but he was remorseless in his demands about poetry. Poe was merely "the man who jingles." Of moderns, Carlyle most nearly approached his poetic standard. Of himself he said once, when forced to speak, "My reputation, such as it is, will be one day cited to prove the poverty of this time."

Bits of biography of the philosopher's famous neighbors, many of which have never before appeared in print, are given, one of the most interesting being of Hawthorne:

"One wintry day Hawthorne received at his office notification that his services would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, 'I am removed from office.' Then he leaves the room. Soon she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and, as he turns to the beaming face, says, 'Now you can write your book!' The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. 'The Scarlet Letter' was written, and a marvelous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife."

As a whole, Mr. Conway's book, while making no pretension to be more than a chatty record of memories and impressions, is thus far the truest picture of Emerson that we have had, and many traits of the man, which have been heretofore hidden behind the philosopher, are given with wonderful charm. That his last days were clouded and obscured does not mar a line, for sweetness and dignity remained to the last; and Mr. Conway's book is an interpretation that will stand even when more formal biography comes to give us more minute details of a life which is and will remain one of America's dearest possessions.



THE biography of Margaret Fuller, in the "American Men of Letters Series," will be written by Colonel Higginson.

D. LOTHROP & Co. are to reprint Dr. George Macdonald's essays, entitled "Orts," under the title of "Imagination and Other Essays."

"THE ACADEMY" pronounces Mr. Browning's new poem to be the best work he has done since the appearance of "The Ring and the Book."

THE autobiography of Frederick Douglass has been translated into French, under the title of "Mes-Années d'Esclavage et de Liberté," and has had a warm reception in Paris.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE'S "Peak in Darien" has found as many readers in this country as her "Duties of Women," having gone into its seventh edition. Both books are issued by George H. Ellis & Co., Boston.

A CERTAIN light and frisky character, altogether incompatible with the impression thus far most popular, attaches itself to the latest appearance of "Daniel Deronda," which is as *feuilleton* in a French paper published at Cairo!

"THE WHEELMAN," the bicycle organ for this country, is as breezy and stimulating a magazine as the lover of out-door life could desire. *Outing* shares its honors, and both are necessary to one who would keep pace with the growing possibilities of enjoyment to be had in the open air.

"OUIDA" would hardly be expected to furnish much material for the ministerial profession, save in the way of denunciation, and her opponents will be surprised to hear that an English clergyman has made a selection from her works, soon to be published by Chatto & Windus, under the title of "Wisdom, Poetry and Pathos."

No book recently published has had such hearty abuse as the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," whose reminiscences were edited by a son who seems to have thought as little of sparing people's feelings as Mr. Froude in his kindred work on Carlyle. An abridged edition is to be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE John W. Lovell Publishing Company have added to their list an extremely cheap and on the whole well-written little "Life of Washington," by Leonard Henly. Whether an hour with the Father of his Country is sufficient for the reader may be questioned, but whoever has only the hour, more or less, will find this a useful way of spending it. (16mo, pp. 207, 50 cents). From the same publishers comes "The Secret Dispatch," by James Grant, a Russian story of the time of Catherine II, in which intrigue and exciting adventure of every sort appear. (16mo, pp. 256, 50 cents).

THERE is no better writer of stories for boys than Mr. Ascott R. Hope, who began this work many years ago, and is now a veteran in the field, though his last volume, "Homespun Stories," shows no loss of vigor or spirit. The stories are homespun only in the sense that they are the personal reminiscences of the tellers. The humor is frank and careless, and the material mostly adventure in school and out, of harum-scarum boys. But there is no sensationalism, and there is a very honest and generous

spirit at bottom, which makes the collection especially welcome. (12mo, pp. 346, \$1.00; D. Appleton & Co.).

THE name of Roberts Brothers is so identified with a scholarly and fine form of literature that any book they issue will, it is taken for granted, find a place already made for it. Certainly this was the case with Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith." He completes in this volume his "Indian Trilogy," giving a poem to each of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah." The charm found in the "Light of Asia" is not wanting here, but there are many evidences of haste and careless finish, and all will regret his numerous alterations in the favorite poem beginning, "He who died at Azan sends," and entitled now, "A Message from the Dead." As a whole, the volume will not add to Mr. Arnold's reputation. (16mo, pp. 319, \$1.00).

IN "The Colonel's Daughter; or, Winning His Spurs," Captain Charles King, U. S. A., has given the public an old-fashioned novel, in which analysis is replaced by description and adventure, and we have a story rather than a dissection of the characters who might have made a story. There is some exceedingly picturesque and vivid writing, notably in the Apache attack, and the Adjutant, Mr. Truscott, though rather unnecessarily mysterious, is very well drawn. Many features of garrison life are most admirably given—the gossip and pettiness as well as the finer side—and the reader is well pleased at last with the ending, wherein the Colonel's daughter becomes the adjutant's bride, as had, of course, been foreseen from the beginning, though the various obstacles had at times seemed insurmountable. (12mo, pp. 440, \$1.50; J. B. Lippincott & Co.).

IN her "Fairy-land of Science," Miss Arabella B. Buckley, known as a pupil of Professor Huxley's, took rank at once as not only a charming writer, but one who knew her ground thoroughly, and whose facts could always be relied upon. The same characteristics which have distinguished her in the past are found in quite as marked degree in "The Winners in Life's Race, or the Great Backboned Family," which, while really a sequel to a former book on invertebrate animals, entitled "Life and Her Children," can be read without reference to that. There are many carefully-drawn illustrations, some of the most interesting of which are the "geological restorations," necessarily rather conjectural, but all of value; and nothing could be better adapted to interest children in such study, or could hold a simpler or more delightful arrangement of every-day facts. (12mo, pp. 367, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.).

IF another cook-book of any description can be needed it must be the latest one, entitled "Ice Cream and Cakes," for in it is to be found such a collection of practical and well-tested receipts as will delight the soul of every experimenter in such directions. The book is intended for the use of confectioners, as well as of private families, and there are many creams and ices quite unfamiliar to American palates. The rules for cakes are, as a whole, very satisfactory, though the inexperienced housekeeper will be likely to stumble over the rules which give "one quart of white of egg," with a question as to how many it takes to make a quart. But, for the purpose intended, as a whole, nothing could be better; and the book itself, with its gray and silver cover, is a charming addition to the literature of the kitchen. (12mo, pp. 384, \$1.50; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

GAIL HAMILTON takes a remarkably sensible attitude toward her novel, "First Love is Best," which found fewer readers than it deserved. She is reported to have said to a friend, apropos of some discussion concerning heroines: "It will be news to the public that I ever had a heroine. But it is even so, and a very nice young woman

she was, too; but nobody ever cared anything about her. The fact is, she was too good for this wicked world, and she never made the smallest sensation in it. Now the people are complaining of Mr. Howells and Mrs. Burnett that their heroines are ill-behaved and fall in love with other men than their husbands. I made up an excellent heroine to order—my own. She was a good, hearty, wholesome, honest girl, free and spontaneous, dutiful and simple. She walked along a difficult and dangerous path not only untainted but untempted—not by virtue of any high resolution, but of right instinct—into the region of perfect happiness which ought to lie like a lake of light around every world of man's creating, whatever man's Creator may find best. What was the result? She walked alone! When I am tired, or have an hour or two of leisure, I sit down, book in hand, and take sweet counsel with the charming creature, but nobody else ever heard of her."

IT is a fashion of the day to make bulky books. Two or three volumes are compressed into one, and the reader who would do more than glance at an author finds that one hand is of small use, and that even two are speedily tired out with the burden. The book that one needs as constant companion should be of a size and weight that fit the hand and rather invite taking up, and such is the case with the "Little Classic" edition of Emerson's works, in nine volumes. The Riverside Press has seldom done daintier work, and though the narrowness of the type has occasionally been objected to by readers who claim that it is more likely to tire the eyes than the ordinary size, this is not sufficiently marked to be an argument against the form, its perfect clearness upon the creamy tint of the paper offsetting the slight disadvantage. The miscellanies, collected into one volume, and including "The American Scholar," an oration delivered at Cambridge in 1837, which gave him his first full recognition as a man destined to make profound impression on the time, hold also the address delivered before the senior class in Divinity College, Cambridge, in 1838. It is difficult to reproduce the state of mind which received this as the audacious word of an unbeliever and iconoclast, or to understand fully why such a cry of dismay arose even from those in sympathy with him. Emerson's calm faith that time would justify him proved itself sooner than he hoped; but each one of these miscellanies is a bit of biography, and many points in them are reproduced in the lately issued correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle. The edition has been carefully revised and edited, and is in all points a very satisfactory addition to the bookshelf. (9 vols. \$13.50).

NEW BOOKS.

DUST. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. Our Continent Library, No. 3. 12mo, pp. 402, \$1.25. Ford, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.

A SANE LUNATIC. By Clara Louise Burnham. Hammock Series. 12mo, pp. 325, \$1.50. Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago.

BREAD AND BREAD MAKING. Cookery Manuals, No. 2. By Mrs. Emma F. Ewing. Pp. 34, 25 cents. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY. Late Dean of Westminster. Three Lectures, Delivered in Edinburgh in November, 1882. By George Granville Bradley, D. D. 12mo, pp. 142, \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ICE PACK AND TUNDRA. An Account of the Search for the Jeannette, and a Sledge Journey through Siberia. By William H. Gilder. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, pp. 344, \$4. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1834-1872. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 368, 384, \$4. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A PARISIAN ROMANCE. By Octave Feuillet. Paper, pp. 221, 50 cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

REMINISCENCES AND MEMORIALS OF MEN OF THE REVOLUTION, AND THEIR FAMILIES. By A. B. Muzzey. Fully Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 424, \$2.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.



GEORGIA is probably the only place in the world where a railroad builds culverts of white marble and lays its ties on a bed of the same material. Yet this is true, and so far as truth goes it might have been stated that the road-bed was a gold mine. These statements may seem exaggerated, but as a matter of fact Gilmer and Pickens Counties, through which the Marietta and North Georgia Railroad runs, are bound together by white marble nearly as fine as that of Carrara, and it is through this marble that the road-bed has been cut.

In a recent issue of *Ward's Natural Science Bulletin*, Mr. F. A. Lucas gives a very interesting description of the methods by which the skeletons of animals, birds and reptiles are sorted, cleaned, mounted and finally packed for transportation in fulfillment of orders from every part of the United States as well as to foreign countries. We give an extract which will show in some degree the vast amount of care required in the mere packing: "Large pieces are usually dismounted, the pedestal secured to the bottom of a box, and the body, skull and limbs lashed securely to numerous cross-bars. A box of small skeletons, however, presents a more difficult problem, and when finished is a perfect maze of cross-bars and strings. The skulls of the mammals are detached and fastened inside the chest cavity, and twine passed around the legs and tied to the standards. The skulls of birds are so secured that even if loosened they cannot fall, while the smallest pieces are usually enveloped in soft paper. All being thus prepared, the pedestals are secured to the sides of the box by screws from without, and a general view taken of the situation. Here a dog is weak in the knees and must be supported by bars at the neck and the pelvis. One of these bars runs under the back of a turtle, and a cord passed around his body prevents all vibration, while to the other is secured the neck and bill of a heron, whose long legs are sustained by still another brace. There a fish's skull has to be held up by cords passing diagonally to the sides of the box, and a duck's bill is 'guyed' in a similar manner. So one after another all are secured, an occasional shake of the box showing that all undue vibration of its contents has been guarded against."

MR. JOSEPH F. JAMES sends to the *Botanical Gazette* some notes on California plants, the result of a residence of a year and a half in Southern California, principally in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. One of the prettiest of trees, the pepper-tree, is used for its shade. The flowers are small, greenish-white, in long racemes. The fruit is globular, of a deep red color, and hangs in long bunches, contrasting beautifully with the pinnate leaves. It is hot and peppery to the taste, and in Mexico, where the tree is native, it is known as Chili pepper. From the broken leaves and branches exudes a white, gummy substance, which is also peppery. Generally not very tall, its branches some eight or ten feet from the ground. The bark is rough and scaly, but the long, pendulous branches and pinnate leaves are handsome. It blossoms twice a year, and is an evergreen, the branches never being bare of leaves. It is extensively planted in Southern California,

but the climate of San Francisco is not very suitable for its full development. One of the commonest plants in some localities seems to be the California poppy. Where it grows in large patches, as it frequently does, the blossoms make the ground appear of a most intense golden color, and when the sun is shining brightly upon them, the eye is dazzled by the blaze. It does not seem to occur at all east of the Wasatch Mountains, but is very common in the neighborhood about Los Angeles. The well-known grease-wood forms nine-tenths of the vegetation in many parts of the mountains. It is a bushy shrub, with awl-shaped leaves and close clusters of white flowers. The roots are extensively used for fuel, and its presence on land is a sure indication of water at no great depth. *Yucca Whipplei* is very handsome. The flower-stem is often ten feet high, and is covered for about one-half its height with a dense mass of bell-shaped white flowers.

THE report that the brain of Gambetta, when examined by the experts, was found to weigh 1100 grammes, or less than 39 ounces, has led to the publication of an immense number of brain weights. The brain of the adult human male is said to average about 50 ounces, and that of the adult female about 45. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces, and minimum about 31. In cases of idiocy it has been found weighing only 20 ounces. Broca places the lowest limit of brain weight compatible with human intelligence at 32 ounces in males and 30 in females, the average weight of the European male brain being 49 ounces. Dr. Bischoff, of Bonn, published two or three years ago perhaps the most exhaustive study of the subject ever undertaken. He had examined and weighed the brains of 559 men and 347 women. His figures were as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Average.
Male,	67.9 oz.	35.9 oz.	48 oz.
Female,	55.2 oz.	28.9 oz.	43 oz.

Bischoff weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found to be below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of 119 ordinary offenders weighed 11 grammes more than the average, some having a weight of 1500 and even 1600 grammes. Broca, on comparing 115 skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century, with another series of 125 skulls taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the present century, found the average capacity to be 1426 and 1462, showing a considerable gain during seven centuries of progressive civilization. As to the actual weight of the brains of eminent men full statistics are not obtainable. Taking individual cases, some twenty-three in number, Cuvier, the naturalist, heads the list, according to one authority, with 64½ ounces, and according to another with 64.33 ounces. The brains of Abercromby, the physician, and of Schiller, the poet, weighed 63 ounces each; Sir James Simpson's weighed 54, and Chalmers's 53; the brains of Napoleon and Daniel Webster 57 ounces. The brain of a mulatto who died not long ago at Cincinnati was found to weigh 61 ounces. He was not considered bright intellectually. The heaviest brain on record, which weighed 67 ounces, according to Dr. Morris, was a bricklayer, who "had a good memory and was fond of politics, but could neither read nor write; so that whatever his potentialities, his actual acquirements were not great." It may surprise our readers to learn that the only statistics of Chinese brain-weights available show them to exceed all other nations in this respect. The average brain weight of the males reached 50½ ounces, and that of the females 45½ ounces. This is an average not attained, so far as yet known, by any other nation, it being fully 6 ounces above that of the average negro, and 1½ ounces above the European. The brain of Guiteau weighed 49½ ounces, exceeding more than 10 ounces the reported weight of that of the great French Republican.

THE DRAMA.

The youngest daughter of the late Charles Fechter was recently married in Paris to her cousin, M. Henri Poree.

M. SARDOU, the eminent French dramatist, is of medium stature, quite thin, and seems very delicate. His residence, built by Mansard, is at Marley le Roi, where he remains continually, save a visit once a week to Paris. He is a martinet at rehearsals, insisting that his smallest instructions be implicitly obeyed by all his associates.

THE sensational melodrama of "Youth" was lately produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, in a most elaborate manner. The principal characters were in able hands, Mr. Charles Vandenhoff being admirable as the much-abused hero, and Madame Majeroni highly artistic in a very ungrateful part. The scenery and stage management was very satisfactory, particularly in the battle scene, "The Defense of Hawk's Point." Volley after volley of musketry and artillery were fired in sight of the audience, a Gatling gun being used; the savages were pressed back at the bayonet's point; the stage was strewn with the fallen, and the final victory of the English troops concluded a series of stage pictures that were realistic to a decidedly exciting degree.

SIGNOR SALVINI will bid farewell to the American stage in the latter part of April, at the Academy of Music, New York, prior to which he will appear at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, for a week. In these farewell performances he will be assisted by no less a celebrity than Miss Clara Morris. Two such notabilities appearing in consort is an especially interesting and important event, and in the contemporary drama could not be duplicated. In their respective lines there do not exist two greater (if as great) exponents of the art dramatic than the illustrious Italian and the brilliant American actress. As a portrayal of the elemental passions of man Signor Salvini stands alone; as an exemplar of the emotional in woman Miss Morris has no superior.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

March 1.—The Senate passed the Sundry Civil Service bill with amendments.—The House of Representatives agreed to the conference report on the Fortifications bill appropriating \$670,000.—In Trenton, New Jersey, the bi-centennial anniversary of the state legislature was celebrated.—A plot against the life of Lord Hartington, the British War Secretary, was discovered.—Thos. W. Palmer was elected United States Senator from Michigan on the eighty-first ballot, in joint session of the legislature.

March 2.—The conference report on the Tariff bill was received and adopted in the Senate.—In the House the Post-office and the Legislative Appropriation bills were passed.—Governor Cleveland, of New York, vetoed the bill to reduce fares on the Elevated Railroads.—Mrs. Judah, the actress, died in New Orleans, aged seventy-four years.—The Hon. Dudley M. Du Boise, of Georgia, died.—General Peter J. Sullivan, late Colonel of the 48th Ohio infantry regiment, died in Cincinnati.

March 3.—Senator Davis retired from his position as President of the Senate, and Senator Edmunds was chosen to succeed him.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill was amended and passed, also the House bill modifying the money order system; the River and Harbor bill was tabled and killed.—The Malagassy Embassy arrived at N. Y. and was received by the authorities.

March 4.—In both houses of Congress the Sundry Civil Service Appropriation bill report was adopted.—Congress adjourned sine die.—Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, died.—Colonel Harry Gilmor, the Confederate cavalry leader, died.

March 5.—U. S. Treasurer James Gillfillan resigned his office to accept a position in New York.—A fire in Red Wing, Minn., caused a loss of \$200,000.—James S. Boynton, President of the Georgia Senate, was sworn in as Governor, vice Alex. H. Stephens, deceased; an election for Governor will be held on April 24th.

March 7.—J. R. Green, the historian, died.—Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, died.—The Rev. Dr. Isaac L. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, was elected Bishop of Indiana.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aperire.

[THE name of the month of April is said to be derived from the Latin word *Aperire*, (to open), because its warmth opens everything which had been closed by the cold of winter.]

"To open" the ice-locked channels,
That the streams, uncurbed and free,
May rush from their mountain sources
Far down to the great deep sea.

"To open" and cleave a pathway
Aloft in the vaulted sky,
For the flutter of countless pinions
That up to the northward fly.

"To open" the bills of the warblers,
And fill them with lays of love,
Which float on the air around us,
And ring from the boughs above.

"To open" the windows of heaven
To the soft down-plashing rain,
That sinks in the fresh-plowed furrows,
And rises in mist again.

"To open" the earth's warm bosom,
To the green and tender blade,
As it starts from the swelling kernel
And steals to the sun or shade.

"To open" the hearts of the people,
And their lips with prayer and praise,
'Tis the name and the mission of April,
With her sweet and changeful ways!

S. H. BROWNE.

Fullness of Joy.

HE will not slay me, though I here declare
In God is sense of humor. So the gust,
Prostrating pompousness in sudden dust;
Th' electric snap of repartee; the stare
Of moon-eyed owls; the monkey tribes—had He
No hand in these?

That we like Him might be,
He gave us of His own our comic powers.

These transient tears upon His face and ours
With sin shall cease. Aye, then our gladness flowers
To humor sweet like His. In us is wrought
His wit as well as wisdom. We are brought
From baby glee to joy so deep it is
As laughterless upon our lips as His.

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

In the Waltz.

At last in my arms I held my queen,
As, whirling and circling to and fro,
We heard, as we threaded the waltzers between,
The glorious music ebb and flow.

I could feel her heart, like a bird imprisoned,
Against my breast through her corsage beat,
As I held her close in the waltz and listened
To the maddening music and pattering feet.

As we whirled and circled about the room,
My senses swooned with the joy and bliss;
My soul seemed drunk with her breath's perfume,
And I pressed on a vagrant tress a kiss.

I saw a flash in my rival's eye
As I kissed the tress as it fanned my cheek,
And I said to myself, as I heard her sigh,
"Now or never—this moment speak."



THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Twelve o'clock at the Children's Party.—The Last Dance, "Sir Roger De Coverley."

I bent my head 'til it touched the glory
Of golden hair that encrowned her head,
And there in the waltz I told the story
That shall yet be new when the world is dead.

There in the waltz I won my treasure,
Full in the ball-room's glare and heat,
Whirling swift through the waltz's measure,
Keeping time to the music's beat.

As I looked in her eyes, brimming o'er like a river,
I clasped her close, for I knew I had won;
And then, with a blare and a crash and shiver,
The music ended—the waltz was done.

CLARENCE LADD DAVIS.

De Lor ob de Lord.

In dis wo'ful worl' can't I do as I please?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Can't I sit right down an' take my ease,
Wid all I can beg an' borner an' seize,
My head on my han's, my han's on my knees?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Won't some rich 'lation take pity on me?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Can't I 'proach de roost whar de fat hens be,

An' do it so sly dat nobody 'll see,

An' den git off wid no dog after me?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Don' you tink that the lazy man git froo de gate?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Ef he don't hurry up will he be too late?

An' den won't he hev in anodder state

A second perbation, an' come out at lass

Jes' as good as though he had trabbled fass?

Guess not, Brudder, guess not.

Ef I don't want de debbil to scratch on my grave,

Go on, Brudder, go on.

An' holler, "Cum up here, you old jack-a-knave,

I've waited an' waited for you, honey dear;

Git up outer dar, an' cum along here;

Go on, Brudder, go on.

"I'se got a little corner close by de fire—
Ef you ain't warm enuff you can hitch up nigher."

Go on, Brudder, go on.

An' I say, "Misser Debbil, I ain't your son;
You is werry kin' to dig, but you've dug de wrong one.

"I truss in de Lord, an' he's lookin' for me;
Good-by, Misser Debbil!"—do you s'pose dat he
Will erpologize, and let me go free?

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

An' from dat narrer escape can I fly
Up to Jerusalem in de sky?

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

Well, den' I guess I won't do as I please,
An' I won't res' my han's too much on my knees:
As nigh as I possible can, I'll do right;
So I won't be afraid ob de Lord's daylight.

Jess so, Brudder, jess so.

—From the Independent.

To a Slipper.

WHEN my great-great-great-grandmamma
Was but a maid of sweet sixteen,
This slipper, faded now and frayed,
Was hers in pride of satin sheen.

'T hath danced in stately minuet,
And as it twinkled in and out
Beneath her brocade petticoat
'T hath tortured many a heart, no doubt.

It hath a small, unsteady heel
And such a curious pointed toe,
That with a strangely mincing tread,
Must she have been constrained to go.

Yet I doubt not her powdered hair
And glancing eyes accorded well
With these same marionette-like steps,
And made her lovers' bosoms swell.

My dear great-great-great-grandmamma
Long since was clothed in heavenly guise;
For, spite this slipper frivolous,
She walked this world in godly wise.

G. M. Gray, in The Boston Courier.